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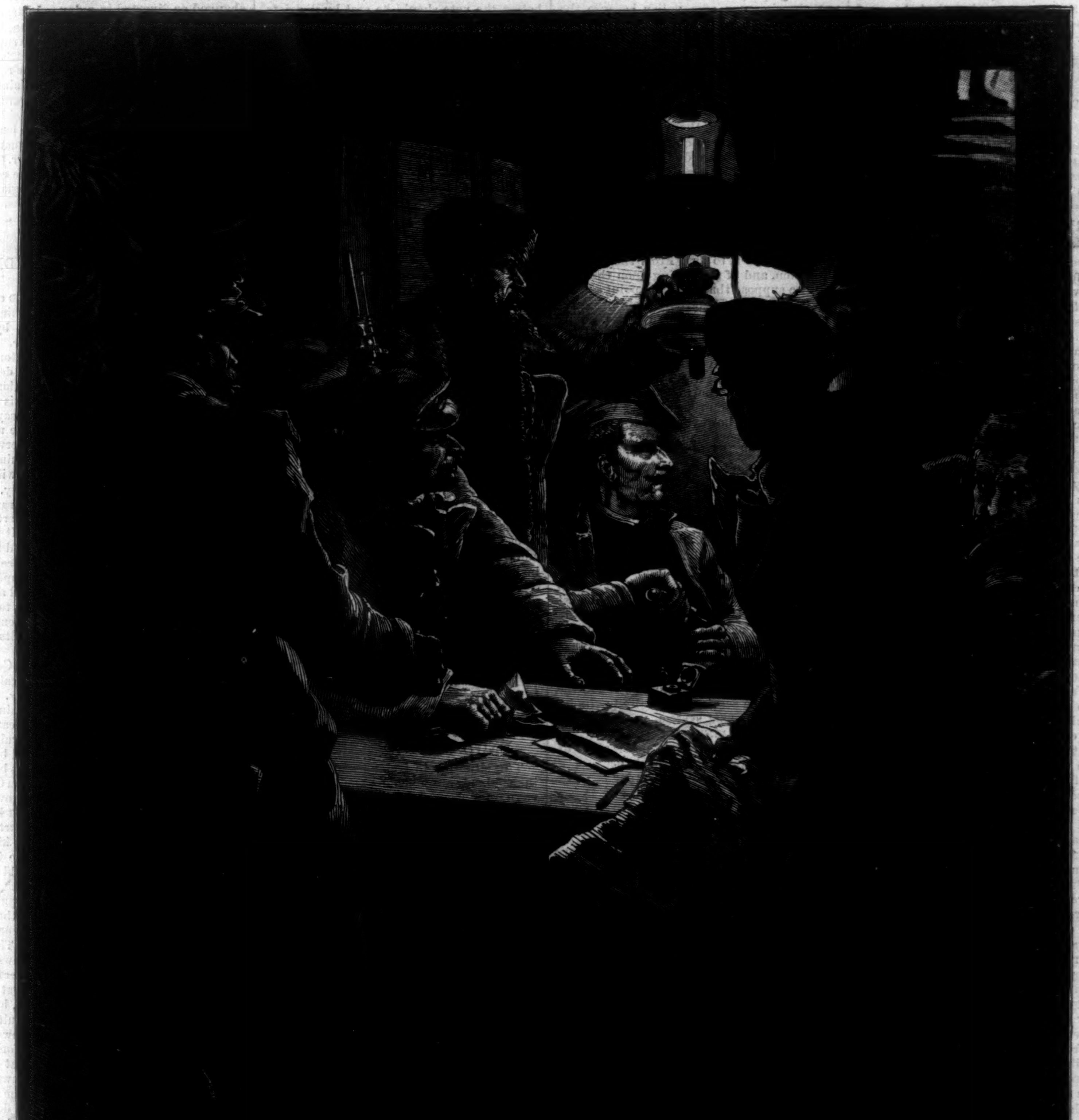


CONSPIRACY IN RUSSIA—A NIHILIST MEETING SURPRISED.—[See Page 808.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 18, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 58 of Harper's Young People, *issued December 7, opens with the first chapter of "Toby Tyler; or, Ten Weeks with a Circus," a fascinating serial story for boys, by* James Otis, *illustrated by* Rogers; *and it also contains the first chapter of "Mildred's Bargain," a new serial story for girls, written by* Mrs. John Lillie, *and illustrated by* Mrs. Jessie Curtis Shepherd. *In this number a beautiful double-page engraving of* Holman Hunt's *famous picture of "Christ in the Temple" is accompanied by an article from the pen of the* Rev. Dr. Taylor. *"The Heart of Bruce," a spirited poem by* Miss Lillie Barr, *will be found just the thing for declamation; and an illustrated article on some new forms of Christmas Decorations, and how to make them, will prove timely and useful. The poem of "Wingy Wing Foo" is illustrated by a characteristic drawing by* F. S. Church; *and on the last page of the number the children have shown their skill in making Wiggles.*

BLACKMORE'S NEW STORY.

A new Serial Story, entitled

CHRISTOWELL,

by the popular novelist R. D. Blackmore, *author of "Lorna Doone," "Mary Anerley," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc., is begun in this number of* Harper's Weekly.

REFORM PROSPECTS.

THE most sagacious movement of the Democratic party since the war is its demand for the passage of a law to secure civil service reform. Our doubt of the probability of any action by Congress has been construed into opposition to a Democratic initiation of reform. But the reform is in its nature non-partisan. The Reform Association in this city is composed of men of both parties, and a proper bill proposed by a Democratic Congress, and signed by a Republican President, would be a broad and admirable foundation of reform. There can be no doubt that a judicious bill designed to remove existing abuses, or some of them, would receive the approval of the President, and every Republican member of Congress who sees the vital desirability of reform would find it extremely difficult to justify opposition to such a bill. If the law itself were adapted to its declared purpose, it would be supported by every journal of either party that favors the object. Such support could not be fairly withheld upon the ground that the law was not comprehensive enough or radical enough, if it were honest and effective as far as it went. He would have been a very poor antislavery man twenty-five years ago who should have refused to vote for a bill forbidding slavery in the Territories because it did not also abolish slavery in the States. So a man may think, as we do, that thorough reform requires change in the method of appointment, but he would hardly for that reason oppose a plan which wisely protected the tenure of office. The Democrats may rely upon a perfectly candid consideration from Republican reformers of any honest scheme proposed by a Democratic Congress.

We observe that some of our Republican friends are disposed to question the motives of this sudden Democratic crusade for reform. But the motives of political actions which are in themselves just and expedient are always subjects of speculation. If, however, we declined to have anything to do with good measures which are supported for bad reasons, we should not make very rapid progress in any direction. The Democrats frankly propose to themselves a party advantage by a reform of the civil service. But how do they intend to accomplish it? By preventing the patronage of the civil service from being used as a bribery fund, by prohibiting extortions, and by making appointments depend upon fitness, and tenure upon fidelity and efficiency. They think that such a course will help them, because it will take an illicit weapon from the Republicans which they despair of seizing for themselves, and will make elections depend upon the real wishes and convictions of the people, and not upon corruption—an appeal in which they think that they will have as good a chance as we. But are we Republicans less willing to trust the real wishes and convictions of the people? Is not the distinctive Republican principle at this moment a free vote and a fair count? Is not the great Republican protest made against force and fraud at the ballot-box? And is there any meaner form of coercion than that which has grown up in our civil service? As Republicans do we admit that upon a free and fair appeal to the people we should be defeated if we could not assess the office-holders, and turn out those who do not give what is demanded? The chief Republican partisan objection to reform hitherto has been that it was a proposition to help the Democratic party. It was said to be a renunciation by Republicans of an immense advantage of which the Democrats would eagerly avail themselves. Well, now it is the Democrats who propose to renounce it. They say, without concealment, that they have tried to wrest that advantage from us, that they have hoped we would cripple ourselves by reform, but finding that we are too strong, they now propose that both sides shall abandon an illicit advantage, and remove one of the most vital perils from our politics. They propose, so far as the civil service is concerned, that elections shall turn upon a preference of policy, not upon the hope of plunder. For ourselves, as Republicans, we are not afraid of such a proposition. As we have advocated "taking the Custom-house out of politics" when the Democrats, by sneering at reform, sought for their own purposes to keep it in, we shall not abandon our own policy because the Democrats in despair now accept it in hope of a party advantage.

One of the most interesting aspects of the present discussion is that the Democratic press evidently understands the scope of a real reform, and states it manfully. This shows that there has been no misconception of it hitherto on the part of that press, and that all misrepresentations have been designed for and were due to fancied party exigency. It indicates, also, a more general knowledge of the principles of reform than has been supposed, and that public opinion upon the subject is very much riper than has been imagined. What kind of measure may be meditated by the Democrats is, of course, unknown to us. From the drift of discussion, and of the feeling upon the subject, we suppose that the main point sought will be security of tenure by prohibiting removal except for legitimate cause. This would also seem to be the tendency of General Garfield's views, as disclosed in the report of his conversation with Messrs. Horace White and F. W. Whitridge, who presented to him the independent Republican memorial upon the subject. We think it will be found, however, that the question of removal is bound up with that of appointment, and that the most practicable way to secure a proper tenure and to dispose of wanton removal is to prevent political influence and partisan jobbery in appointment. This, we think, also, will be found practicable only by a competitive examination. There is, however, a question whether Congress could do more than define the qualifications and tenure. It will not be forgotten by members of Congress who really desire reform that one of the simplest and most effective reform measures would be repeal of the four years' act of 1820, and they would do well to refresh their recollections of Mr. Webster's speech upon that repeal when moved by Mr. Calhoun in 1835. The act of 1820 was ostensibly passed in the interest of the service, but really in the interest of the spoils system, under the auspices of Mr. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury. Its repeal would destroy one of the great bulwarks of abuse, because it would compel a removal in order to make an appointment. We remind the Democratic friends of reform that the President's Message will undoubtedly make propositions for legislation, and that their treatment of those propositions will be watched very narrowly. Nothing more thorough than the present system of appointment pursued at the Custom-house and Post-office in New York could be proposed within the range of places to which it is applied, and it applies to the great multitude of subordinate places in those offices. If the President should ask an appropriation to extend and enforce that system, support of his request would be an excellent test of Democratic sincerity in reform.

A TEST OF NATIONAL GOOD SENSE.

The good sense of the American people is impeached by nothing more emphatically than by the refusal to provide a reasonable method of electing a President and counting the vote. It appears by the record of the secretary of the Vice-President in 1876 that the electoral returns from Tennessee, Maine, Virginia, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Wisconsin, Vermont, California, Massachusetts, Florida, Louisiana, Oregon, Mississippi, Iowa, and Kansas were technically incorrect. That election turned upon one vote, and with a less patriotic disposition among Southern Democrats would have convulsed the country with civil war. In Indiana one of the Republican electoral votes was endangered in the late election from a most trivial neglect. One of the electors resigned, and in five counties his name was carelessly retained upon the tally. In Suffolk County, in New York, there was a similar blunder, and the names of two electors not upon the ticket were certified as elected. In 1876 such negligence would have elected the Democratic President, and every four years we are at the mercy of a net-work of foolish and needless technicalities. At the last election, except in the smallest States, there was probably scarcely one Republican voter who meant to vote for General Garfield who knew whether he was doing so or not. In New York he voted for thirty-five men, of most of whom he had never heard. Of such a business as this it can only be said that it is supremely silly—as well as full of danger—for an intelligent people.

Even under a system of Presidential election by States the electoral system is wholly unnecessary. There is no reason that every Republican in New York should not vote directly for the candidate of his party. Then if the general vote of the State is to decide, a Republican majority would give thirty-five electoral votes to that candidate, and so for a Democratic majority. If, as is still better, the vote should be cast by districts, each district would count one, with two at large for the State. Every voter would then know what he was doing, and all the doubt and confusion arising at the last moment from the discovery that John Smith, one of the candidates for elector, was postmaster at Skunk's Misery, would be avoided. It would at once obviate an immense trouble which is now taken for no purpose whatever. The electoral system contemplated the independent action of the electors. But the electors have become agents whose independent action would be dishonorable. The question of an election of the President by a popular majority of the aggregate voters of the whole country is the subject of a very intelligent and suggestive paper by J. L. R. in the *Herald* a few weeks since. But if public opinion is not ready for so signal a change of system, it is undoubtedly ready to correct the absurdities of the existing system, which compels a man to vote for thirty-five persons, some of whom may be ineligible, and whose names may be misspelled, and who may be improperly certified.

The bills of Mr. Edmunds and of Mr. Morton provide wisely for the settlement of a disputed election, but it is also well to provide for reducing the pleas and pretenses of dispute. The principle of Mr. Edmunds's bill, that the States should themselves settle all quarrels, is sound and excellent, and a Republican Congress ought not to hesitate to pass it if a Democratic Congress should refuse. But the Oregon experience of 1876, and the technically incorrect certificates and inclosures of that year, and the Indiana and Suffolk County negligence of this year, all of which irregularities arose from the absurdly elaborate existing electoral system, should teach us to make the Presidential election, whether by States, as now, or by districts, or by a popular majority, as simple and direct as possible. It is not a subject to be deferred, and it belongs to the sphere of vitally important and beneficial legislation.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

The situation in Ireland and the feeling in England are unchanged. If Mr. Redpath, in a speech reported to have been delivered by him in Newark, represents the tone of the Land League movement, it will hardly end without a bitter and bloody contest. Mr. Redpath is reported as saying that when a bad landlord is shot, he does not go into mourning for him, and that it would have been an eternal disgrace if Lord Leitrim had not been shot. If this is the reasoning approved by the League, it is not surprising that there is great excitement in England, and a loud demand for vigorous measures. Lord Leitrim may have been a hoary offender, but the trouble with assassination as a social corrective is, as Azeglio said, that it makes the injured person judge of the law and the fact, and executioner, without a chance of hearing for the accused. If the Land League holds that even evicted Irish tenants may rightfully shoot landlords whom they think to be unjust, they hold a doctrine which returns civilization to barbarism. It is in vain to say that it is the cruel landlord who is the barbarian. Granted that he is a black-hearted criminal, the difference between civilization and barbarism is that the former punishes such criminals by forms of law, while the latter shoots them at sight.

It is understood that the British government intend to propose simultaneously a reasonable land law and a policy of coercion. It is even said that they will ask to disarm the people in Ireland. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Selborne at the Guildhall both declared that no concession could be made to disorder. This may justly be said by a government that can be trusted to relieve the complaint. It is of course no answer to a situation like pre-Revolutionary France, where all confidence in the government has been destroyed, and the insurrectionists had rather face cannon than starvation. But Mr. Parnell and his friends know that a ministry of which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright and Mr. Forster are members is not hostile to Ireland, but friendly, and that the evidence of serious suffering afforded not only by the terrible famine records of last year, but by the universal agitation now, will not be disregarded. It is this fact and the consciousness of his knowledge of it which suggest the suspicion that Mr. Parnell's object is not only just amendment of the land laws, but home rule, or Irish legislation for Ireland.

But this will be a standing menace so long as the laws regulating Ireland are of the character of the land laws, and, indeed, of general legislation for Ireland for centuries. All the modern disturbances in that country are old curses coming home to roost. In the nature of things there can be no short and easy way of pacification. Ignorance, tradition, religious alienation, are not changed or diverted in a day. Instead of a "scientific frontier" in Afghanistan, if the author of *Endymion* had devoted his supremacy to a wise and comprehensive settlement of Ireland, silencing the cry of home rule by a rule so beneficent that all complaint disappeared, except that nature and events had made political separation impracticable, the name of Beaconsfield would have been remembered as that of a great statesman. It is a task which now falls upon Mr. Gladstone, who has first of all, before he can do anything whatever, to persuade England to desire justice to Ireland. The difficulty of a statesman is not to see what to do, but how to do it.

THE PRESS AND THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

Speculations about the Garfield cabinet and the policy of the new Administration will be probably interrupted by the meeting of Congress and the Message. General Garfield has been in Washington, and has received undoubtedly a great deal of advice. We presume that the opinion and expectation of the country and of his party are what he wishes to know, and to say that he is probably wise enough to make up his own mind is akin to that astute observation which is often made, before a nominating Convention, that the Convention will undoubtedly do what is best for the party. One of the most obvious channels of information as to what is best for the party, and certainly the most important, is the press. It is the duty of the press both to mould and to declare public opinion, and its influence alike upon nominating conventions and upon administrations is at least as powerful as any other. The function of the press is to lead, not to follow, and it can not influence results if it waits to speak until results have been accomplished.

There is no doubt, therefore, that General Garfield is glad to know authentically the opinion and expectation of his party. This knowledge, indeed, he can not obtain from any single paper or person. But he can gain it much more accurately from a truly free press than from one that is muzzled by fear that if it advises, its advice may not be taken. No journal is obliged to abandon General Garfield because he may not be governed by its advice. But if it would affect his action, it must at least make the effort. He ought to know how much and what kind of censure, or criticism, or support, he is like to encounter, and probably he would desire nothing more heartily than the counsel of a courageous and independent Republican press. The disposition to dismiss the comments of the press as mere newspaper talk is to misunderstand the situation. The protest against the *Passion Play* was newspaper talk, but it was effective. The objection to taking the Central Park for the great Exhibition was mainly newspaper talk, but the Park is not to be taken. The assault upon Tweed and his gang was mainly newspaper talk, but it saved the city of New York from a revolution. The renown of great actors and artists of any kind is largely newspaper talk, but it serves the purpose. The public man who contemns the newspapers despises the best means of learning what he most needs to know—the condition and movement of opinion. What degree of influence he shall concede to it is his own affair, and his own sagacity must determine the relative value of various counsel.

The two marked and positive tendencies in the Republican party are known to General Garfield, as they are to every other observer of politics. One is the tendency to hold on by means of patronage, and to avoid all positive action lest it alienate some interest or somebody. The other recognizes the situation as one which admonishes the party in power not to be content with standing still, but to make itself the party of wise and progressive movement. It is true that an administration must rely upon the sentiment of its party. But it is equally true that the most blatant and arrogant voices must not be mistaken as necessarily the voice of the true spirit and purpose of the party. Leaders are always in advance. The chief who would satisfy everybody finds himself at last with the stragglers in the rear. A party and the country like decision, courage, and a positive course. This was the secret of Jackson's power. This is the secret of Mr. Conkling's position in the politics of this State. Like Strafford, he is "thorough," and the fault of his opponents in public position and with political ambition is that they have not fought him with his own weapons of pluck and persistence. In the Chicago Convention Mr. Campbell, of West Virginia, very easily put Mr. Conkling down by a vivid and sarcastic imitation of his manner in declaring the vote. It was a small thing, but it was significant. Mr. Conkling belongs to the class of men who mean to be taken at their own estimate, and he has certainly succeeded in his purpose. Hesitation and vacillation in a leader always repel and discourage the followers. In the actual condition of the Republican party the President can not temporize. General Garfield will gravitate to one side or the other, and neither side will be in any doubt as to his preference. The situation is due to the fact that the party has been long in power. Instead of one great absorbing issue like that of slavery extension, it has various aims and differing methods, with a chief issue in the fraudulent solidity of "the South." The new President's position will be very difficult, but he may certainly count upon the support of the country for a vigorous, courageous, and progressive administration. Whatever course he takes can command success only by resolution and persistence. A President is a leader, if he will only lead.

WETTING THE POWDER.

A New Orleans correspondent, commenting upon some late remarks of the *Weekly* upon voting for "scalawags," says that they are not precisely applicable to the Southern situation. He argues that to refuse support to a Republican candidate in Louisiana, for instance, because of his bad personal character, is to take the wrong side in a contest for life or death, or for that which makes life worth living. Republicans may be independent if they will, he thinks, at the North, but at the South "they must stick to the party anyhow."

But if our correspondent will reflect a moment he will see that if a party under such disadvantages as the Republican party in Louisiana persists in selecting scalawags as representatives (assuming that it does so), not only can it make no progress, but it constantly furnishes the best reason against its own success. When the South Carolina Republicans put forth Moses and Whipper as representatives of the party, it was not certainly to be expected that those who were disinclined to Republicanism would be converted. If the better Republicans pleaded that they were ashamed, but could not help themselves, the inevitable reply was that until they could help themselves they could not reasonably expect confidence and support. Our correspondent compares the Republican situation in Louisiana to that of an army in an enemy's country. He insists that the officers must be obeyed even if their private character is not good. But that is not the true parallel. The question is whether officers who wet the powder, and make fighting impossible, ought to be supported. Such officers are traitors, and ought to be shot, not obeyed. The managers of a party are just as much bound in honor to nominate fit candidates as the members are honorably bound to support regular nominations. It should be a conclusive reply to our Louisiana friend that to try to achieve Republican success with candidates of bad character is to try to fire with wet powder.

We observe that some Democratic papers waste a great deal of contempt upon independent Republicans in New York, who, while opposing mere machine methods in politics, did not oppose General Garfield, although the machine supported him. But what would they have gained by running with the Democratic machine, forgery and all, and voting for General Hancock? Such journals should endeavor to understand that General Garfield was not nominated by the Republican machine, and that, if he had been, the question for independent Republicans would have been whether decent politics would gain more by its defeat than by that of the Democratic machine. Whenever such Republicans are of opinion that the defeat of both machines is more desirable than party success even when encumbered by the machine, they will undoubtedly vote or scratch accordingly. But our Louisiana correspondent may be very sure that a party which disregards good personal character in its nominations invites distrust and defeat, and its members who deliberately support such nominations vote their party not only out of power, but out of a respectable title to power.

VICIOUS TEXT-BOOKS.

An old Virginia correspondent, not a "carpet-bagger," who voted for Garfield "with as much pleasure as for any candidate I ever supported," says that he does not wish to see the Republicans locally successful in his town, and a correspondent in Arkansas says exactly the same thing. They are both very earnest and very intelligent Republicans, and their feeling is well worthy the attention of our Louisiana correspondent, of whose letter we speak elsewhere. The Virginian holds that the first step to be taken to remedy the evil at the South is to attack the ignorance of the voters, both white and colored, which is the real source of difficulty. This, he thinks, should be a national work, and such is his faith in the efficacy of national action that he would gladly see the government wholly centralized.

President Hayes has pointedly called attention to the subject of education as a political solvent in our situation, and it is very possible that he may make some recommendations upon the subject in his annual message. But we remind our Virginian friend, who can see "no use in two sets of laws in this country," that the political distinction between his county and his State is very valuable, and that the same kind of distinction between the State and the Union is most serviceable. The speculative cast of the Southern political mind will long cause it to talk of "the sovereignty" of the State—of Florida, or Oregon. That is a phantasm, however, which will gradually disappear. But so long as it is honestly believed to be more than a pointless speculation it will, and for good reason, radically injure the section which fosters it.

One of the most copious sources of mischief and of prolonged sectional estrangement is the State system of education. No interest is more essentially national, and none demands more stringently a national care, than education. Some of the States actually teach in the common schools a feeling of hostility to the Union. That is to say, text-books pervert the facts of history to the discredit of the national government, and to the perpetuity of angry feeling. No text-book known to us in any Northern State does this. Its narration of fact does not necessarily foster ill feeling. The story of slavery is told, indeed, as it should be, but not with party acrimony or personal crimination. Our correspondent may be sure that there is the utmost disposition in this part of the country to support any wise national aid for education in the Southern States.

"TOM BROWN" AND THE GROG-SHOPS.

Mr. Neal Dow sends us the following:

"My dear 'Harper's Weekly,'—You have omitted to say in your article 'Tom Brown in America' that an important feature in the regulations of Rugby, in Tennessee, is that no intoxicating liquors shall be sold there. 'Tom Brown' and his helpers have made that absolute.

"Two sharpers came there, on the very edge of the new Rugby, and established each his grog-shop. They would heed no remonstrance, but insisted upon their right. A general law of Tennessee forbids the liquor traffic within some miles of an educational establishment. Mr. Hughes took advantage of this, and immediately built a school-house beside them, and they were thus forced to decamp."

A JINGO VIEW.

The Marquis of Salisbury's career as Foreign Secretary in the Beaconsfield administration does not exactly authorize him, as in a late speech, to accuse the present government in England of "duplicity" and "incapacity." But there is undoubtedly a general feeling that the Irish question may prove very embarrassing to a compromise Ministry of Whig patricians and sincere radicals. The Marquis of Salisbury is an excellent spokesman of the rank Jingo sentiment of London society and the London clubs. But nothing has been more clearly shown than that this is not the dominant sentiment of England. Upon a particular question like that of Ireland the Whigs may unite with the Tories, but upon a general policy of administration the present party lines will be probably maintained.

A shrewd observer writes us that the *St. James Gazette*, the new Tory journal which grew out of the change in the *Pall Mall*, expresses the Jingo sensitiveness with the statement of this fact. The *St. James* sneers in the good old familiar style at those who claim to be politically more enlightened than Londoners. Our observer, who is a Jingo of the Cowen school—that is, a moderate Liberal, who approved the Beaconsfield policy—says, warmly:

"In fact, I do not believe any spot of the same size on the earth's surface contains half so many able, intelligent, well-informed, well-judging men as London and its neighborhood. I should not be greatly surprised if the government ultimately shipwrecked themselves on the Irish difficulty, if I may judge from the way in which they have handled it so far: and further, the materials exist in public opinion for a great coalition between moderate Liberals and Conservatives against the Radicals. Any serious attempt at considerable constitutional changes may precipitate such a coalition, and put a new face on affairs here." It is odd that this constitutional jealousy slept so soundly during the business of making the Queen Empress of India, and ordering the Indian troops to Europe. The truth is that the shallowest water along the shore is as much a part of the sea as the fathomless mid-ocean. Liberalism grafted with Jingoism will inevitably produce the Beaconsfield fruit.

MR. HEWITT'S EXPLANATION.

Mr. Hewitt has written to the *Nation* an explanation of his connection with the Morey letter. He says that he was never a "friend" of General Garfield, and that he had only a pleasant acquaintance with him as a political opponent. But even if there had been friendship between them, Mr. Hewitt does not see how it was unfriendly to suppose that General Garfield held certain economical theories. Mr. Hewitt adds that his speech of February 24, 1879, shows why he could not accept as conclusive "the mere verbal denial of General Garfield," when the General had failed to satisfy the very newspapers which now reflect upon Mr. Hewitt. As one of these journals, it is right for us to say, as we have said before, that we were entirely satisfied with "the mere verbal denial" of General Garfield, and that we said so at the time in the most unreserved manner.

Mr. Hewitt says that he believed the signature of the letter to be General Garfield's, but that he gave no advice whatever about publication; and he says that he referred to it in his speech, not to injure General Garfield personally, but to show the hollowness of the Republican claim of a desire to protect American labor.

Mr. Hewitt's statement of his view of the letter, and of the purpose of his allusion to it in his speech, will not be questioned. But our criticism was not that he was deceived, but that having been deceived, and by his speech having done what injury he could to General Garfield, upon the assumption of his being the writer of the letter, yet now when he himself admits it to have been a forgery, he has not a word of regret for having been the unconscious utterer and confirmer of a forgery against a political opponent, whether a "friend" or not. If Mr. Depew in his Chickering Hall speech had said that General Hancock had shown the white feather at Gettysburg, and had afterward publicly declared that he had been deceived, we can not help thinking that for the very reason that General Hancock was his political opponent, Mr. Depew would also have been scrupulously careful and desirous to express regret that he had unwittingly belied him.

THE FRENCH PREFIX "DE."

Mr. Wendell Phillips's criticism upon the French particle *de* is not to pass unchallenged. An accomplished diplomatist writes:

"I am surprised. Such use is universal in French. I would not waste time in multiplying examples, but I happened to see this morning, in Adams's *Life of Gallatin*, a singular and striking use of the particle, which I inclose. One could hardly read a more awkward sentence in French than the last one, but it shows how conscientiously they stick to the particle in such cases.

"Gallatin writes: 'Une Suissesse qui avait epousé un Génevois nommé de Lesdernier.' And again insists on this peculiarly awkward retention of the *de*: 'Parmi eux était un des fils de de Lesdernier.'"

PERSONAL.

The new United States Senator-elect from Georgia, Governor Brown, illustrates in his career the extreme of versatility in Southern politics, having been quite successful on all sides. Twenty-three years ago he was elected Governor over Ben Hill, and held that office until the close of the war. He then joined the Republican party, and acted with it during the period of reconstruction. In 1872 he returned to the Democratic party, and supported Greeley. He has outlived the odium of that little affair, and is again in full communion with the Democracy of his State; is opposed to the Bourbons, to Robert Toombs, Ben Hill, and such; is one of the wealthiest men in Georgia, as well as one of the shrewdest of political managers. Having strong common-sense, practical ability, and a wide knowledge of affairs, he will probably have as much influence in the Senate as any of its Southern members.

—Mr. Northcote, M.P., son of the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a recent lecture on "Diplomacy as a Profession," gave some interesting information relative to the English diplomatic body, which consists of about one hundred and forty members, scattered over some forty odd embassies and legations. A junior secretary works without pay for two years, and then receives $750 a year. After four or five years' additional service he becomes a second secretary, with £300 ($1500) a year, and it is not likely that he will reach the rank of secretary of legation before he has been twenty years in the service, and receive a salary of £700 ($3500) a year. Probably, after ten years' further service, he will become a minister, with £3000 or £4000 ($15,000, or $20,000) a year—not a too great salary for a man who has lived in exile for thirty years, especially as he has to keep open house for his countrymen. At the same time, it can easily be understood that a diplomatic career offers an alluring prospect for a younger son, with a moderate private income, even if he does not pass beyond the rank of secretary of legation, since it gives him one of the surest of occupations, where the work is light and agreeable, and a most enviable social position.

—Major Arthur Griffiths, one of her Majesty's inspectors of prisons, is a many-sided man, who does with conspicuous ability several things as unlike in character as could well be imagined. In early life a soldier, his aptitude and services earned him an honorable position. In literature his value and versatility are attested by the high character of his contributions to the leading journals on topics literary, scientific, and political. In fiction his bright novel *Lola*, republished here by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., attests his powers as a novelist; and in the admirable and exhaustive work on *England: her People, Polity, and Pursuits*, by Mr. T. H. S. Escott (also republished by Holt & Co.), the chapter on "Criminal England" is written by Major Griffiths, and shows his capacity to discuss one of the many important public questions that now engross the thought of publicists and philanthropists in Great Britain. Besides the sterling merit that has won for him high rank in literary and official life, he is one of the most agreeable men of the clubs, as well as in the intellectual life of London, and a social delight to those who have the pleasure of his intimacy.

—A paragraph in Lord Beaconsfield's *Endymion* which will be read with gratification by literary men is that which alludes to the relations that should exist between a minister and his secretary. It is well known in England that between his lordship and Mr. Montagu Corry, for many years his private secretary, the strongest friendship existed, and that just before retiring from the Premiership he asked the Queen to elevate him to the peerage, which was done, and the accomplished and faithful secretary is now Lord Rowton. Lord Beaconsfield's paragraph is as follows:

"The relations between a minister and his secretary are, or at least should be, among the finest that can subsist between two individuals. Except the married state, there is none in which so great a degree of confidence is involved, in which more forbearance ought to be exercised, or more sympathy ought to exist. There is usually in the relation an identity of interests, and that of the highest kind; and the perpetual difficulties, the alternations of triumph and defeat, develop devotion. A youthful secretary will naturally feel some degree of enthusiasm for his chief, and a wise minister will never stint his regard for one in whose intelligence and honor he finds he can place confidence."

—Mr. S. C. Hall, in his retirement from the editorship of the London *Art Journal*, which he established forty-two years ago, says: "I do not think the history of literature supplies a parallel case—that of an editor commencing a publication, continuing to edit it during forty-two years, and retiring from it when it had attained vigorous age, its value augmented and not deteriorated by time."

—Bishop Pinckney's forth-coming marriage to Miss Hunter, of Washington, is announced. She is twenty years his junior, and for nine years has been Matron in the Louise Home in Washington. It is said that some years ago she refused an offer of marriage from Mr. Corcoran, on the ground that if she accepted him it would be thought it was only for his money. Bishop Pinckney's first wife was twenty years his senior, and made his christening robe when he was a babe.

—Cardinal Jacobini, the new Papal Secretary, though only fifty, and the youngest of the cardinals, having been appointed a year ago, is likely to play a conspicuous part in the affairs of the Church of Rome. While nuncio at the court of Vienna he distinguished himself by diplomatic ability, and his elevation to his present dignity—one of great responsibility and influence—is attributed to his superior qualifications and fitness for the office.

—Mr. Kasson, who has just been elected to Congress from Iowa, and who on Saturday last returned to his post in Vienna as United States Minister, is a Vermont man, and was formerly a lawyer in New Bedford, Massachusetts. He entered public life early, and for twenty-two years past has been prominent in the politics of Iowa as well as in Congress. As a debater and parliamentarian he has few superiors, and he is regarded as a strong man for the Speakership of the next House.

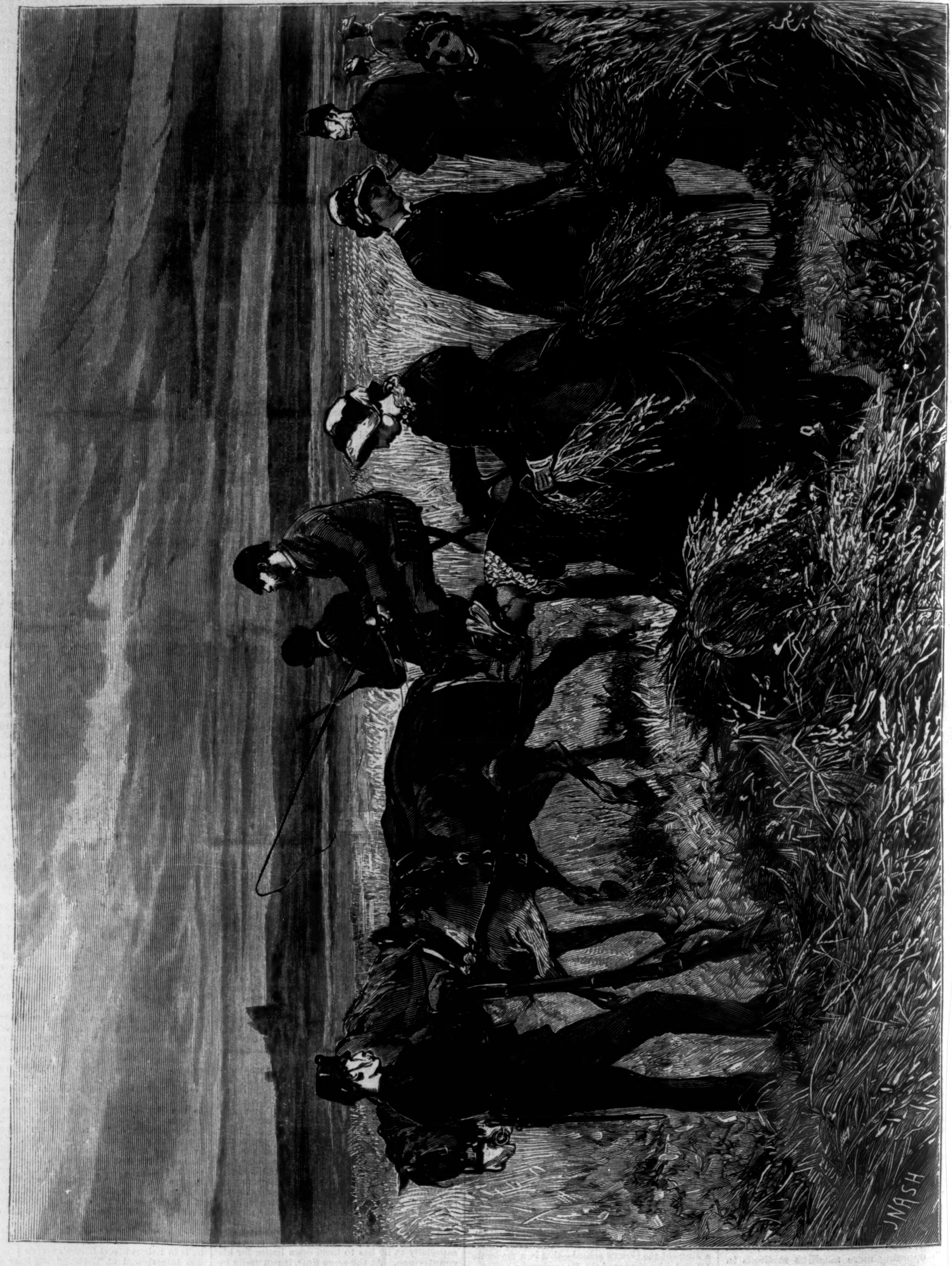
—The Rev. Stopford Brooke, who has recently become the object of so much remark in the religious circles of England, and who has long been known as one of the most eloquent of English preachers, is a man of remarkably attractive presence. His face is refined and intellectual, and he has a dome-like forehead resembling the portraits of Shakspeare.

—There are in Westport, Connecticut, three brothers named Sherwood, triplets, and all sea-captains, who celebrated their seventieth birthday on the 3d ult. They are very like each other.

—Mr. Brassey, famous in England as a yachtsman, and a large contractor and operator in various ways, has recently bought two more tracts of land of 60,000 acres each, near the base of the Rocky Mountains. Senator Cochrane, of Canada, has also bought 60,000 acres west of Lake Winnipeg, where he proposes to raise cattle. Other Britons and Canadians are embarking extensively in a similar way, believing that within three years that region will be brought into railway communication with the East.

—In *Eminent English Liberals*, an interesting work recently published by Harper & Brothers, is a sketch of Mr. Gladstone, one of whose personal peculiarities is that "every morning by eight o'clock he may be seen wending his way to the village church of Hawarden to engage in matins as a prelude to the work of the day. Even when Prime Minister of England, he has been found in the humblest homes reading to the sick or dying consolatory passages of Scripture in his own soft melodious tones. The best controller of the national exchequer that the country has ever had, his personal charities are almost reckless. In the course of his long walks in the neighborhood of Hawarden his pockets have an astonishing knack of emptying themselves, and amusing stories are told of his having had to walk home inconvenient distances of ten and twelve miles in the dark because of his inability to raise so much as a third-class railway fare."

—The Rev. Halsey W. Knapp, who is as famous in Washington Market for his poultry as he is in Laight Street Church for his preaching, was interviewed at Thanksgiving-time on the subject of fowls. "Epicureans," said he, "will remember 'Pap' Griffin, an apoplectic Englishman who years ago kept the 'Brown Jug' in Hudson Street. He knew what a turkey was. He always paid for the biggest turkey to be found. The biggest turkey I ever saw weighed thirty-seven pounds. It was raised in Jersey in 1849. 'Pop' Griffin paid me one hundred dollars for it. The old Fifth Ward Hotel was another place where fine turkeys could be seen. The finest pair of capons I ever saw weighed twenty-seven pounds; I sent them to President Lincoln. I made a wager once with a French restaurant-keeper that he could not find as heavy a pair in all Europe. He took the wager, and sent over orders for the finest pair in Paris. He paid the bet when they got here. The largest goose I ever had weighed twenty-nine pounds; I got thirty dollars for it. The present year is the best for Thanksgiving poultry that I have known for ten years."



THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND—CAPTAIN BOYCOTT AND HIS FAMILY GETTING IN THEIR HARVEST BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPS.

NIHILISTS SURPRISED.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the efforts of the military and police authorities, Nihilism continues to flourish in Russia. The harshest system of repression fails to crush it out of existence. It pervades all ranks of society, and its adherents suffer death or banishment to Siberia with the calmness that characterized the early martyrs of the Christian faith. However much we may abhor the system of assassination practiced by the Nihilists, we can not withhold our sympathy with the cause which they represent, and with the vast masses of people who writhe under the grinding tyranny of the Russian government. Our front-page illustration shows a meeting of Nihilists surprised by the police. It comprises soldiers and civilians, and the picture gives a very just idea of the prevalence of Nihilism in the dominions of the Czar.

CAPTAIN BOYCOTT'S CROPS.

LOUGH MASK FARM, which is likely to become a famous place in the history of Ireland, is situated in the county of Connaught, almost in the centre of the district known as the "nursery of the Land League," the first meeting of that organization having been held at Balla, a village near Castlebar. Captain BOYCOTT, besides managing his own farm, has been for some years agent to Lord ERNE, who, it is said, bears an excellent reputation as a landlord. Captain BOYCOTT himself is spoken of by some as a kindly hearted man, who not only never did any one any harm, but has done all he possibly could for the benefit of the tenants; on the other hand, it is alleged that he is eccentric and domineering, and that he has subjected the tenants and laborers to a series of petty deprivations and humiliations which have exasperated them without benefiting the landlord. Be that as it may, the attempt to serve a number of ejectments in September last led the tenants to appeal to Lord ERNE to dismiss him. His lordship refused, and from that day Captain BOYCOTT became a marked man. No laborer dared to work for him, no tradesman to serve him with goods. He was isolated by order of the Land Leaguers, and was compelled to accept the services of constabulary to protect the lives of himself and family. His case is a typical one, and for some time attracted little attention, although he and his wife and daughters were left to get in the crops as best they could.

A newspaper correspondent first started the idea of sending assistance to Captain BOYCOTT. He was soon flooded with correspondence offering every kind of co-operation, and one person alone promised to get together 30,000 volunteers. Mr. FORSTER, Chief Secretary for Ireland, at once vetoed the project of an armed invasion, at the same time offering to afford military protection to whatever number of men were required for the *bona fide* purpose of saving the crops. It was accordingly decided to pick out some fifty or sixty from the great number of Cavan and Monaghan men who were anxious to go. Under military protection these men harvested Captain BOYCOTT'S crops, and then returned to their own homes. The cost of this singular expedition was about ten thousand pounds, while the value of the harvest gathered did not, it is said, exceed five hundred pounds. Captain BOYCOTT and his family have since left Ireland. The people of the country were very much incensed by his success in getting his crops gathered, and, although his family was treated with respect, he was hooted and cursed wherever he appeared.

A NEW DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

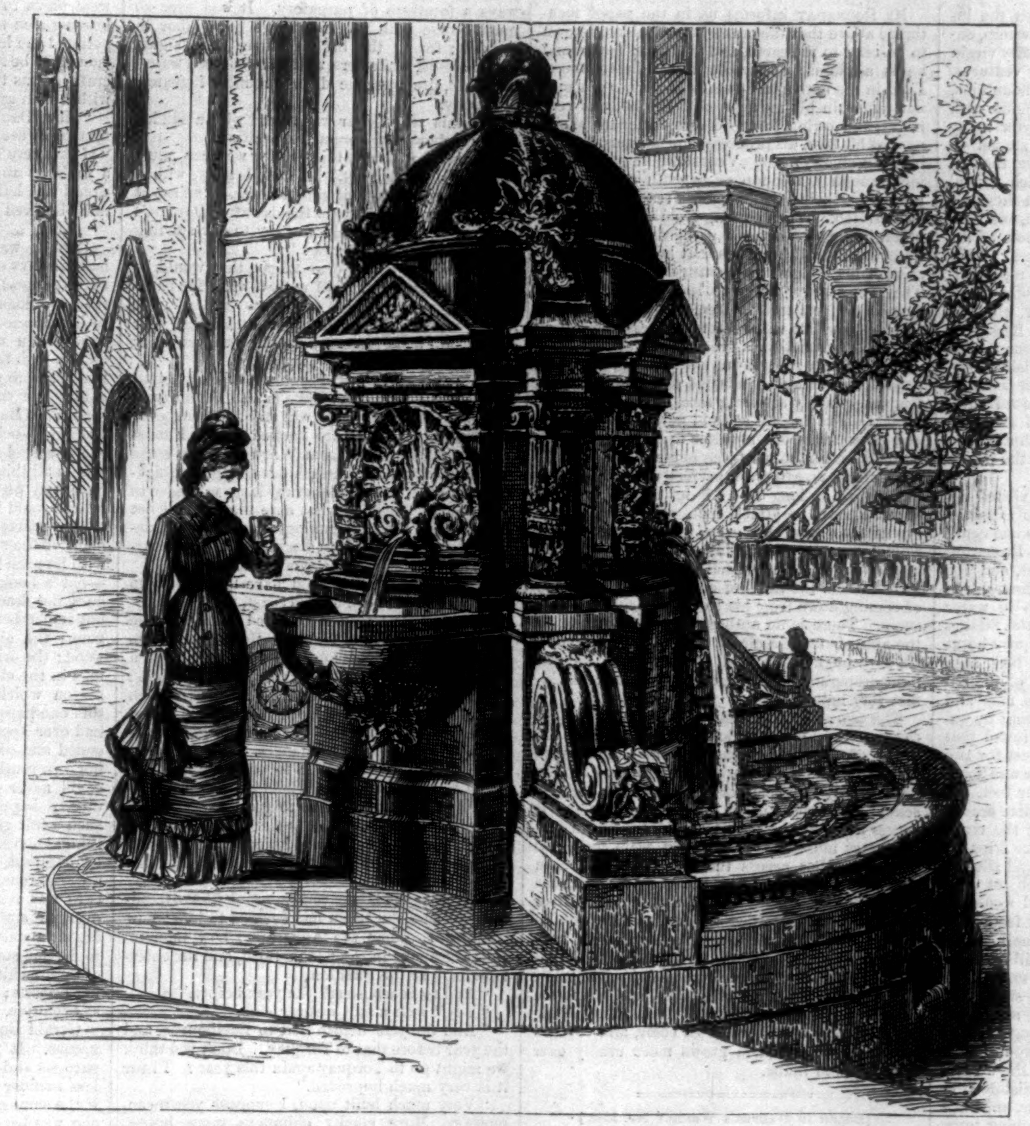
THE new and beautiful drinking fountain now in course of erection at the intersection of Madison Avenue and Twenty-third Street is the gift to New York of Miss OLIVIA PHELPS STOKES, daughter of Mr. JAMES STOKES, of this city.

Averse to publicity, Miss STOKES for some time delayed the execution of this project, and would be better pleased if her gift could be an anonymous beneficence. But, deeming it just and proper that those who slake their thirst at this beautiful structure should know the name of their benefactress, we give it without her knowledge. The public can not fail to be grateful to the donor of a gift like this, which is not only a benefaction, but beautiful as a work of art, and Miss STOKES may feel assured that her name will be held in pleasant regard by all whose eyes are attracted by its graceful form.

The height of this elegant work is eleven feet above the pavement. It is triangular in form. Two sides are given to capacious horse-troughs, while the third is devoted to the use of thirsty humanity. It is most solidly constructed of polished granite, resting upon a deep and substantial foundation of brick. The base is of Quincy granite, and the superstructure of white Westerly.

Carved radiating consoles separate the three sides from the string course, above which rise columns, the shafts being of polished porphyry. Over the entablature of these columns rise carved dolphins, reposing upon the angles of the triangular dome, and terminating with the finial. The horse-troughs receive water from the mouths of twin dolphins, and the drinking fountain from a foliated shell.

The architect pays a high tribute to the conscientious and spirited execution of his plans by the conductors of the New England Granite Works, who contracted for the entire erection of the fountain, with the exception of the plumbing, and whose extensive quarry at Westerly produced the material of which the upper portion is constructed. The cost exceeded six thousand dollars.



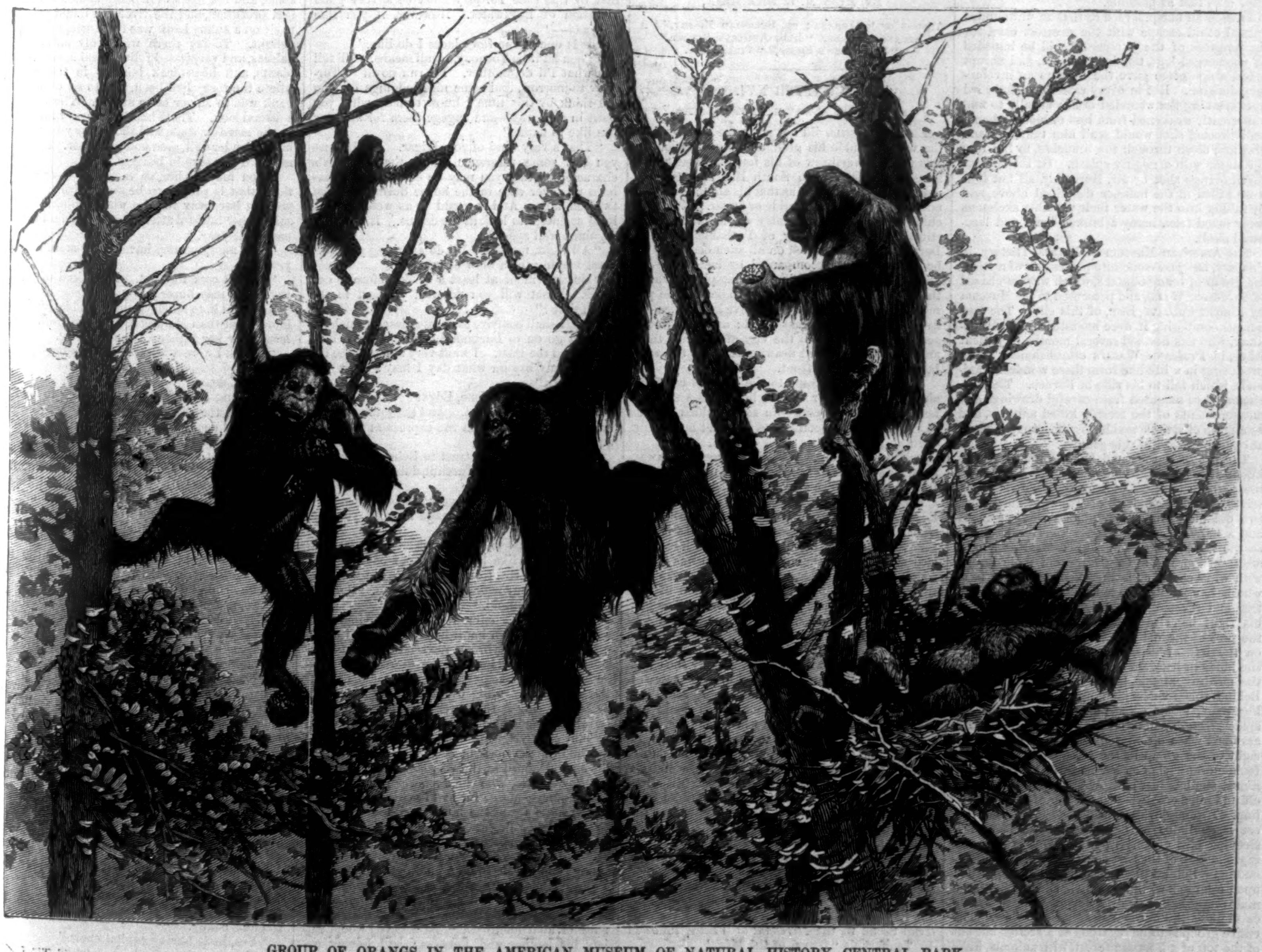
NEW DRINKING FOUNTAIN, MADISON AVENUE AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET.

GROUP OF ORANGS IN CENTRAL PARK.

OF all the wonderful creatures in the entire animal kingdom none have excited such deep and lasting interest as the great man-like apes. The gorilla, chimpanzee, and orang-outang approach so near to the form and size of man that the question of relationship is instantly suggested to the mind of every person who beholds for the first time one of these wonderful forms. In the living animals we see actions very similar to our own, and a perfect reflection of our own peculiar passions and emotions. Scientists are anxiously looking forward to the discovery of the "missing link" which shall establish a direct line of relationship between the human race and the great anthropoid apes. Slight wonder, then, that the latter are studied with such deep interest, second only to that bestowed upon ourselves.

Scientists agree in according to the gorilla the second highest place in the animal kingdom—that next to man. This is by reason of his great size, and the man-like proportions of his body and limbs, which enable him to stand more nearly erect than any other of the apes. For structural reasons the chimpanzee is given the second place below man, after which comes the orang-outang. Next in size to the gorilla, in weight often equalling man himself, and with human-like face, arms, and hands, the Malays of Borneo call him simply *orâng ûtan*, or "jungle man."

The orang is found only in Borneo and Northern Sumatra, and the former island may fairly be called its home. Like the gorilla and chimpanzee in West Africa, it is here found directly under the equator, inhabiting only the densest virgin forest, where wild fruit is abundant, and it is comparatively safe from the attacks of man. In Borneo the orang-outang inhabits that wide belt of swampy forest which lies between the sea-coast and the mountain ranges of the interior, and extends entirely round the western half of the island. It is most numerous in the territory of Sarawak, along the rivers Batang-Lupar and Sadong and their



GROUP OF ORANGS IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, CENTRAL PARK.

small tributaries. This region between the interior mountains and the sea is a vast swamp, entirely covered with a dense growth of lofty virgin forest, into which a white man rarely ventures. Here and there rise isolated hills or mountains, like islands in a sea, clothed to their summits with tropical verdure. Upon these hills grow many noble fruit trees, and in the "fruit season"—January to May—the orang-outangs from the surrounding swamps repair to them for their annual feast. The principal fruits upon which they feed are the famous durion, the mangosteen, and rambutan, supplemented by the green shoots of the pandanus and the leaves of various trees.

The specimens composing the group represented on page 808 were shot on the Sadong River, Borneo, by Mr. William T. Hornaday, who was sent to the East Indies by Professor Henry A. Ward, of Rochester, to collect specimens for his Natural History Establishment. He visited Borneo in 1878, and in a paper read by him last year before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Saratoga, we find an interesting account of his experience in hunting the orang, and many new facts relating to the habits of the animal.

Mr. Hornaday states that when he visited Sarawak Territory in quest of orang-outangs the fruit season had long been over, and no one could tell whither the orangs had gone. Procuring Dyak guides, he entered the swamps, and for some days they hunted far and wide through the dense, dark forest, wading knee-deep in water and mud, but their only reward was the finding of a few orang nests. By diligent inquiry he at length learned that some orangs had been seen along the Simujan River, a tributary of the Sadong, near its source, and getting his men and boats in readiness, they proceeded to hunt by water. On ascending the Simujan they found that above the influence of the tide the forest for two or three miles on both sides of the river was flooded with water to a depth of two to four feet.

At length they came to a locality where orangs were to be found in the trees along the river. Their manner of hunting was to make trips up and down the river, paddling slowly and silently along, and carefully scanning every object until a huge red-haired, black-faced animal would be found reposing quietly or comfortably feeding in a tree-top. Instantly a rifle-ball of small calibre would be fired at his chest, to either kill him outright, or disable him so that he could not get far away. Then the boat would be driven shoreward by half a dozen strong arms, and as soon as it reached the large trees, where wading became possible, both hunter and boatmen would drop overboard into the water, to follow up the wounded animal. Usually they would be waist-deep in the water, quite often up to their necks, and once they were obliged to swim before touching terra firma. Keeping a watchful eye on the direction taken by the wounded orang, they would wade after it as fast as possible.

In such an unequal race as that an unwounded animal could escape with the greatest ease, for the progress of the pursuers would be impeded by submerged logs, tangled creepers, and abrupt holes, which often gave the hunters an involuntary ducking. But in every case they succeeded in overtaking the wounded orang, usually to find him greatly weakened from loss of blood, when a well-directed shot would send him tumbling and crashing down through the branches, to fall into the water with a mighty splash. Of the twenty-seven orangs shot by Mr. Hornaday, all but four were killed in the manner described above, and by falling into the water their valuable skeletons were saved from many a broken bone and fractured skull.

The American Museum of Natural History, in this city, has just come into possession of a striking group of orang-outangs, which was purchased of Professor Ward, and presented to the Museum by Robert Colgate, Esq., of this city. The specimens composing it were mounted by Mr. Hornaday, who has devoted several months of patient labor, in Professor Ward's establishment, in reproducing in a life-like form these wonderful animals, which fell to his rifle in Borneo. The specimens were mounted from careful drawings and measurements of the freshly killed animals, and as a piece of artistic taxidermy this group is probably unsurpassed in this country.

The group represented by our illustration is intended to show the surroundings and habits of the orang-outang as well as the animals themselves. It is composed of five specimens, viz., two old males, one old and one young female, and a baby, all of the species known to science as the *Simia wurmbii*. The central and most striking figure is a very large old male orang, with wide cheek callosities and very long hair, who is hanging by one hand and foot to a stout tree, and reaching stealthily out and down with his right hand to snatch a large durion from the foot of the old female who hangs to a tree on the left. She is quietly eating of a durion she holds in her free hand, quite unsuspicious of the stealthy attack being made from behind. Behind this female, high up in a small tree, is her baby, looking very much like a huge fat spider, hanging in precisely the position he had assumed when discovered in the forest. On the right of the group in the foreground is a young female orang lying on her back, fast asleep, upon a nest she has just built of green boughs broken off and piled crosswise on the top of a small sapling. Although fast asleep, she grasps the nearest large limbs as naturally as the feet of a sleeping bird grasp its perch. This is an exact reproduction of the nest constructed by the orang-outang. Behind the "sleeping beauty," perched upon a large horizontal branch, sits another large male orang, eating another durion, while he watches the stealthy movement going on below. The entire group is to be regarded as a section cut out of the top of a Bornean forest, with animals, leafy trees, and all.

Mr. Hornaday informs us in the paper mentioned above that the orang is very seldom known to descend to the earth, and that upon the ground he is a picture of almost abject helplessness. Even in his native tree-tops he is neither graceful nor active in his movements. His body is very heavy, and owing to the disproportionate shortness of his legs, his progress depends mostly upon his long, sinewy arms. Very often he goes swinging through a tree-top or beneath a horizontal branch by their aid alone, often reaching six feet at a stretch. When passing from one tree to another, he reaches out and gathers in his grasp a number of small branches that he feels sure will sustain his weight, then swings himself across. The orang never dares to leap from branch to branch or from tree to tree, as the monkeys do so fearlessly, but when feeding he can hang to a limb by one hand for a great length of time.

Although a full-grown male orang, with his powerful arms and hands, his formidable canine teeth and darkly scowling face, is an object that never fails to inspire a timid person with dread, and cause every other visitor to exclaim, "Well, I would not like to meet him alone in the woods," your orang is, after all, perfectly harmless and inoffensive so long as he is let alone. He was never known to attack man unless absolutely brought to bay, and even when attacked and wounded he only exerts himself to the utmost to run away or hide himself. Nothing could be farther from the mind of an orang than the idea of coming down from his tree-top to club his pursuers. There is no authentic account of one of the animals using a club. If the orang is wounded, or brought to bay in any way, then he will fight desperately, and with his powerful teeth inflict very ugly wounds.

The two male specimens in this group possess the wonderful cheek callosities peculiar to all the males of this species, the form and dimensions of which have been reproduced with care. This hard, gristly expansion of the cheeks is a peculiar sexual characteristic or ornament (!), since it serves no useful purpose, and is not controlled by voluntary muscles. The largest male measures thirteen inches across the face—the maximum width. From head to heel his vertical height is four feet three inches, or one inch taller than any previously recorded by naturalists, while its weight was 140 pounds. The hair where it is longest measures twelve to fourteen inches in length, and is of a dark reddish-brown color. The skin is of a shiny black hue, and under the throat hangs in a loose, flabby fold. The female is smaller, of a lighter brown color, and covered with short hair, which grows more evenly over the body and limbs.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Barbara; or, Splendid Misery," "A Strange World," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Vixen," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

"NO MAN MAY ALWAY HAVE PROSPERITEE."

Edgar Turchill did not go to the other end of the world to hide his grief and mortification at this second overthrow of his fondest hopes. He absented himself from South Hill for nearly a month, yet so contrived as that his absence should not appear the result of pride or anger. Mrs. Turchill's annual sea-side holiday was as much an institution as the opening of Parliament, or the Derby, and she expected on all such occasions to be escorted and accompanied by her only son. She liked a fashionable watering-place, where there was a well-dressed crowd to be seen on parade or pier; she required to have her leisure enlivened by a good brass band; and she would accept nothing less in the way of lodgings than an airy bay-windowed drawing-room in the very best part of the sea front.

"If I am not to come to the sea-side comfortably, I would rather stay at home," she said, to her confidante Rebecca—an axiom which Rebecca received as respectfully as if it had been Holy Writ.

"Of course mum. Why should you come away from Hawksyard to be cramped or moped?" said Rebecca. "You've all you can wish there."

Such murmurings as these had arisen when Edgar, sick to death of Brighton and Eastbourne, Scarborough and Torquay, had tempted his mother to visit some more romantic and less civilized shore, where the accommodation was of the rough-and-ready order, and where there was neither parade nor pier for the exhibition of fine clothes to the music of brazen bands. For picturesque scenery Mrs. Turchill cared not a jot. All wild and rugged coasts she denounced sweepingly as dangerous to life and limb, and therefore to be avoided. The wildest bit of scenery she could tolerate was Beachy Head; and even that grassy height she deemed objectionable. Nor did she appreciate any watering-place which could not boast a smart array of shop windows. She liked to be tempted by trumpery modern Dresden, or to have her love of color gratified by the latest invention in bonnets and parasols. She liked a circulating library of the old-fashioned, Miss Burney type, where she could dawdle away an hour looking at new books and papers, soothed by the sympathetic strains of a musical box. She liked to have her son, well dressed and in a top-hat, in attendance upon her during her afternoon drive, in the local fly, along a smooth chalky high-road leading to nowhere in particular. She liked to attend local concerts, or to hear Miss Snevillici, the renowned Shakspearean elocutionist, read the Trial Scene in the *Merchant of Venice*, followed by Tennyson's "Queen of the May."

To poor Edgar this sea-side holiday seemed always a foretaste of purgatory. It was ever so much worse than the fortnight's hard labor in London; for in the big city there were sights worth seeing, while here, at the stereotyped watering-place, life was one dismal round of genteel inactivity.

But this year Edgar was seized with a sudden desire to hasten the annual expedition.

"Mother, I think this lovely weather must break up before long," he said, briskly, with a laborious affectation of cheerfulness, as he sat at dinner with his parent on the day after Daphne's cruelty. "What should you say to our starting for the sea-side to-morrow?"

"To-morrow! My dear Edgar, that would be quite impossible. I shall want a week for packing."

"A week! Surely Rebecca could put your things into a portmanteau in six hours as easily as in six days."

"You don't know what you are talking about, my dear. A lady's wardrobe is so different from a man's. All my gowns will want looking over carefully before they are packed. And I must have Miss Piper over from Warwick to do some alterations for me. The fashions change so quickly nowadays! And some of my laces will have to be washed. And I am not sure that I shall not have to drive over to Leamington and order a bonnet. I should not like to disgrace you by appearing on the parade with a dowdy bonnet."

Edgar sighed. He would have liked to go to some wild Welsh or Scottish coast, far from beaten tracks. He would have liked some sea-side village in the south of Ireland—Dunmore, or Tramore, or Kilkee; some quiet retreat nestled in a hollow of the cliffs, where as yet never brass band nor fashionable gowns had come; a place to which people came for pure love of fine air and grand scenery, and not to show off their clothes or advertise their easy circumstances. But he knew that if he took his mother to such a place she would be miserable; so he held his peace.

"Where would you like to go this year?" he said, presently.

"Well, I have been considering that point, Edgar. Let me see, now. We went to Brighton last year—"

"Yes," sighed Edgar, remembering what a tread-mill business the Lawn had seemed to him; how ineffably tiresome the Aquarium; how monotonous the shops in the King's Road, and the entertainments at the Pavilion.

"And to Scarborough the year before."

"Yes," with a still wearier sigh.

"And the year before that to Eastbourne, and the year before that to Torquay. Don't you think we might go to Torquay again this year? I hear it is very much improved."

"Very much built upon, I suppose you mean, mother. More smoky chimneys, more hotels, more churches, longer streets. I should think, judging by what it had come to when we saw it, that by this time Torquay must be a very good imitation of Bayswater. However, if you like Torquay—"

"It is one of the few places I do like."

"Then let it be Torquay, by all means. I'll tell you what I'll do, mother. I'll run down to Torquay to-morrow, find some nice lodgings for you—I think by this time I know exactly what you want in that way—and engage them for any day you like to name."

"That's very kind of you, Edgar. But be sure you get some reference as to the landlady's character, so that you may be certain there has been no fever case in the house during the last twelvemonth. And it would be as well to get a local architect to look at the drains. It would be a guinea well spent."

"All right, mother. I'll do anything you like. I am longing for a blow of sea-air."

"But it will be at least a week before I can come. What will you do with yourself in the mean time?"

"Oh, I shall contrive to amuse myself somehow, I might go on to Dartmouth, and charter a boat and go up the Dart. I want very much to see the Dart. Only say on what day I may expect you at Torquay."

"Am I to travel alone, Edgar?"

"You'll have Rebecca. And the journey won't be difficult. You'll join the express at Swindon, don't you know—"

"If you think I can trust to Rebecca's care of the luggage," said Mrs. Turchill, dubiously. "She's very steady."

"Steady! Well, she ought to be at her age. You've only to get the luggage labelled, you see, mother—"

"I never trust to that," answered the matron, solemnly. "I like Rebecca to get out at every station where the train stops and see with her own eyes that my luggage is in the van. Railway people are so stupid."

Edgar did not envy Rebecca. Having thus adroitly planned an immediate departure, he was off soon after daybreak next morning, and arrived at Torquay in time for dinner. He perambulated the loneliest places he could find all the evening, brooding over his disappointment, and wondering if there were any foundation for Gerald Goring's idea that Daphne was to be won by him even yet. He slept at the Imperial, and devoted the next morning to lodging-hunting, till his soul sickened at the very sight of the inevitable house-maid, who can't answer the most general inquiry—not so far as to say how many bed-rooms there are in the house—without reference to the higher powers, and the inevitable landlady, who can not make up her mind about the rent till she has asked how many there are in family, and whether late dinners will be required. Before sundown, however, after ascending innumerable flights of stairs, and looking into a dismal series of newly furnished rooms, he found a suite of apartments which he believed would satisfy his mother and Rebecca; and having engaged the same for a period of three weeks, he went down to the water's edge, to a spot where boating men most did congregate, and there negotiated the hire of a rakish little yawl, just big enough to be safe in a summer sea. In this light craft he was to sail at six o'clock next morning with a man and a boy.

"How Daphne would enjoy knocking about this lovely coast in just such a boat!" he thought. "If she were my wife, I would buy her as pretty a yacht as any lady could desire, and she and I would sail half round the world together. She must be tired of the Avon, poor child."

Daphne was very tired of the Avon. Never had the days of her life seemed longer or drearier than they seemed to her just now, when her faithful slave Edgar was no longer at hand to minister to her caprices. A strange stillness seemed to have fallen upon South Hill. Sir Vernon was laid up with those gouty symptoms which Daphne fancied were only another name for ill temper, so closely did the two complaints seem allied. At such times Madoline was more than ever necessary to his well-being. She sat with him in the library; she read to him; she wrote his letters; and was in all things verily his right hand. The most pure and perfect filial love sweetened an office which would have seemed hard to an ungrateful or cold-hearted daughter. Yet in the close retirement of the stern-looking business-like chamber, with its prim book-shelves and standard literature—not a book which every decently read student does not know from cover to cover—she could but remember the bright summer days that were gone; the aimless wanderings in meadow and wood; the drives to Goring Abbey; the tea-drinkings in the cloisters or in the gardens; the happy season which was gone. The knowledge that this one happy summer, the first she and Gerald had ever spent together as engaged lovers, was ended and over, made her feel as if some part of her own youth had gone with it—something which could never come again. It had been such an utterly happy period! such peerless weather! such a fair gladsome earth, teeming with all good things!—even the farmers ceasing to grumble, and owning that, for once in a way, there was hope of a prosperous harvest. And now it was over: the corn was reaped, and sportsmen were tramping over the stubble; the plough-horses were creeping slowly across the hill; the sun was beginning to decline soon after five-o'clock tea; breathings of approaching winter sharpened the sweet morning breezes; autumnal mists veiled the meadows at even-tide.

Gerald Goring had gone to Scotland to shoot grouse. It seemed to Daphne, prowling about gardens and meadows with Goldie in a purposeless manner that was the essence of idleness, as if the summer had gone in a breath. Yesterday she was here, that glorious, radiant, disembodied goddess we call Summer—yesterday she was here, and all the lanes were sweetened with lime blossoms, and the roses were being wasted with prodigal profusion, and the river ran liquid gold, and to sit on a sunny bank was to be steeped in warm delight. To-day there were only stiff-looking dahlias, and variegated foliage, and mouse-colored plants, and house-leek borders in the gardens where the roses had been, and to sit on a grassy bank was to shiver or to sneeze. The river had a dismal look. There had been heavy rains within the last few days, and the willowy banks were hidden under dull, mud-colored water. There was no more pleasure in boating.

"You may oil her, or varnish her, or do anything that is proper to be done with her before you put her away for the winter, Bink," Daphne said to her faithful attendant; "I sha'n't row any more this year."

"Lor, miss, we may have plenty more fine days yet."

"I don't care for that. I am tired of rowing. Perhaps I may never row again."

She went in to lunch yawning, and looking much more tired than Madoline, who had been writing letters for her father all the morning.

"I wish I were a hunting young woman, Lina," she said.

"Why, dear?"

"Because I should have something to look forward to in the winter."

"If you could only employ yourself more in-doors, Daphne."

"Do I not employ myself in-doors? Why, I play billiards for hours at a stretch when I have any one to play with. I practiced out-of-the-way strokes for an hour and a half this morning."

"I am sure, dear, you would be happier if you had some more feminine amusements; if you were to go on with your water-color painting, for instance. Gerald could give you a little help when he is here. He paints beautifully. I'm sure he would be pleased to help you."

"No, dear; I have no talent. I like beginning a sketch; but directly it begins to look horrid I lose patience, and then I begin to lay on color in a desperate way, till the whole thing is the most execrable daub imaginable; and then I get into a rage, and tear it into a thousand bits. It's just the same with my needle-work; there always comes a time when I get my thread entangled, and begin to pucker, and the whole business goes wrong. I have no patience. I shall never finish anything. I shall never achieve anything. I am an absolute failure."

"Daphne, if you only knew how it pains me to hear you talk of yourself like that—"

"Then I won't do it again. I would not pain you for the wealth of this world—not even to have it always summer, instead of a dull, abominable, shivery season like this."

"Gerald says it is lovely in Argyllshire; balmy and warm—almost too hot for walking over the hills."

"He is enjoying himself, I suppose," said Daphne, coldly.

"Yes, he is having capital sport."

"Shooting those birds that make our dining-room smell so nasty every evening, and helping to stock Aunt Rhoda's larder."

"He does not intend to stay after the end of this month. He will be home early in October."

Daphne did not even affect to be interested. She was feeding Goldie, who was allowed to come in to luncheon when Sir Vernon was not in the way.

"I had a letter from Mrs. Turchill this morning," said Lina; "she is enjoying herself immensely at Torquay. Edgar is very attentive and devoted to her, going everywhere with her. He is a most affectionate son."

"And a good son makes a good husband, doesn't he, Lina? Is that idea at the bottom of your mind when you talk of his commonplace goodness to his commonplace mother."

"I don't want to talk of him, Daphne, to any one who values him so little as you do."

"But I value him very much—almost as much as I do Goldie—but not quite, not quite, my pet," she added, re-assuringly, to the dog, lest he should be jealous. "I have missed him horribly; no one to tease, no one to talk nonsense with. You are so sensible that I could not afford to shock you by my absurdities; and Mr. Goring is so cynical that I fancy he is always laughing at me. I miss Edgar every hour of the day."

"And yet—"

"And yet I don't care one little straw for him—in the kind of way you care for Mr. Goring," said Daphne, with a sudden blush.

Lina sighed and was silent. She had not abandoned all hope that Daphne would in time grow more warmly attached to the faithful swain whose society she evidently missed sorely in these dull autumnal days, during which the only possible excitement was a box of new books from Mudie's.

"More voyages to the North Pole; more three weeks on the top of the biggest Pyramid; more memoirs of Philip of Macedon's private secretary," cried Daphne, sitting on the ground beside the newly arrived box, and tossing all the instructive books on to the carpet, after a contemptuous glance at the title. "Here is Browning's new poem, thank goodness! and a novel. *My Only Jo.* Told in the first person and present tense, no doubt; nice and light and lively. I think I'll take that and Browning, if you don't mind, Lina; and you shall have all the travels and memoirs."

With the help of novels and poetry, and long rambles even in the wild showery weather, waterproofed and booted against the storm, and wearing a neat little felt wide-awake which weather could not spoil, Daphne contrived to get through her life somehow while her faithful slave was away. Was it indeed he whom she missed so sorely? Was it his footfall which her ear knew so well—his step which quickened the beating of her heart, and brought the warm blood to her cheek? Was it his coming and going which so deeply stirred the current of her being? Life had been empty of delight for the last three weeks; but was it Edgar's absence made the little world of South Hill so blank and dreary? In her heart of hearts Daphne knew too well that it was not. Yet Edgar had made an important element in her life. He had helped her, if not to forget, at least to banish thought. He had sympathized with all her frivolous pleasures, and helped her to take life lightly.

"If I were once to be serious I should break my heart," she said to herself, her thoughts straying off from *My Only Jo*, which was the most frothy of fashionable novels.

Mrs. Turchill was so delighted with Torquay, in its increased towniness and shoppiness, its interesting ritualistic services, at which it was agreeable to assist once in a way, however much a well-regulated mind might disapprove all papistical innovations, that October had begun before she and her son returned to Hawksyard. Edgar had been glad to stay away. He shrank with a strange shyness from meeting Daphne, albeit he was always longing for her as the hart for water-brooks. He amused himself knocking about in his little yawl-rigged yacht, thinking of the girl he loved. Mrs. Turchill complained that he had grown selfish and inattentive. He rarely walked with her on the parade; he refused to listen to the town band; he went reluctantly to hear Miss Snevillici, and slumbered in his too conspicuous front seat while that lady declaimed the Balcony Scene from *Romeo and Juliet.*

"If it were not for Rebecca, I should feel horribly lonely," complained Mrs. Turchill. "And it is not right that I should be dependent upon a servant for society."

Gerald had not yet returned. He had gone on a yachting expedition to the Orkneys with an old college chum. He was enjoying the wild free life, and his letters to Madoline were full of fun and high spirits.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIRE MOUNTAINS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

While observatories and railroads are built upon Vesuvius, and the heights of Ætna make a rendezvous for scientists, the volcanoes of our own continent are treated with indifference and neglect. Few travellers realize that the Andes present a long list of burning peaks, whose craters are as active and whose slopes are as prolific in historical ruins as those of the Old World. Central America, where in a chain of twenty-nine volcanoes there are eighteen still burning, forms with the sea of the Antilles one of the regions of the globe where subterranean activity is most intense.

In ascending Nicaragua toward the north to the gulf of Fonseca the traveller encounters, at a distance of five miles from the Pacific, six volcanoes, ranged in file, and situated close together. They have the collective name of Los Maribios. The Coseguina, on the promontory which forms the southern extremity of the gulf, owes its celebrity to the terrible eruption which took place in the month of January, 1835, the deep obscurity caused by the ashes lasting two days. Terrible detonations were heard in the peninsula of Yucatan, on the shore of Jamaica, and also on the plateau of Bogota, nearly 3280 yards above the sea, and at a distance of 140 geographical miles. By a remarkable coincidence, the volcanoes of Aconcagua and Corcovado, in Chili, began eruptions on the same day. The eruptions of the volcano of Izalco, situated in a plain to the east of the port of Sonconate, take place four times an hour, and serve as a light-house to mariners who are overtaken by night in these parts.

In the drawings on our double page are represented two of the principal Central American cones. They bear the strangely contrasted names of Agua (Water) and Fuego (Fire), and are perhaps the most perfect specimens of volcanic action in America. The first owes its title to the sudden melting of the snows at its summit, which occasioned a disastrous inundation of the neighboring town of Guatemala. The second was the scene, in the last century especially, of great eruptions, accompanied by earthquakes, and within fifteen years it has sent out an enormous torrent of lava. From every side of these mountains stretches a most beautiful landscape; yet never was there a more perilous site for a city than within these beautiful valleys, surrounded by mountains and hills that always retain their verdure, watered by rivers, and possessing a climate marked by no extremes either of heat or cold.

The first city that rose at the foot of these terrible mountains was founded by Pedro de Alvarado, an officer of distinction in Cortez's train. While leading his victorious forces among the natives of Guatemala he arrived at a place called by the Indians Almolonga, meaning a mountain from which water flows, situated at the base of the Volcan de Agua. On the 25th of July, 1524, the festival of St. James, the patron of Spain, the soldiers, with martial music, splendid armor, waving plumes, horses superbly caparisoned in trappings glittering with jewels and plates of gold, proceeded to the humble church which had been constructed for that purpose, where Juan Godines, the chaplain to the army, said mass. The whole body invoked the protection of the apostle, and called by his name the city they had founded. On the same day Alvarado appointed alcaldes, regidors, and the chief alguazil.

For eight years the inhabitants of the Ciudad Vieja enjoyed peace and prosperity. Then its calamities began. According to tradition, the vicinity of the city was ravaged in 1532 and its inhabitants thrown into consternation by a lion of uncommon magnitude and ferocity that descended from the forests on the mountain called the Volcan del Agua, and committed great devastation among the herds of cattle. A reward of twenty-five gold dollars, or one hundred bushels of wheat, was offered by the town council to any person that would kill it; but the animal escaped, even from a general hunting party of the whole city, with Alvarado at the head of it. After five or six months' continual depredations he was killed by a herdsman, who received the promised reward.

The next calamity was a terrible fire which occurred in 1536, and five years later came the awful disaster which overwhelmed and destroyed the town. A terrible rain began in the month of September, increasing in violence until the "water descended more like the torrent of a cataract than rain." "At two o'clock on the morning of the 11th," writes a historian of Guatemala, "the vibrations of the earth were so violent that the people were unable to stand; the shocks were accompanied by a terrible subterranean noise, which spread universal dismay; shortly afterward an immense torrent of water rushed down from the summit of the mountain, forcing away with it enormous fragments of rocks and large trees, which, descending upon the ill-fated town, overwhelmed it and destroyed almost all the houses, burying a great number of the inhabitants under the ruins; among the rest Doña Beatrice de la Cueba, the wife of Pedro Alvarado, lost her life."

It would seem as if a calamity such as this would have driven the victims who escaped death far away from the vicinity of the treacherous mountain; but in 1542 the foundations of a new city were laid, a little to the south of the site occupied by the first. Again its history is that of an almost uninterrupted series of disasters. In 1558 an epidemic disorder, attended with a violent bleeding at the nose, swept away a great number of the people. In 1581 the Volcan del Fuego began to show signs of anger. Fire and ashes were cast into the air, the sun was entirely hidden from view, and candles had to be lighted at noon-time. This lasted for two weeks, the inhabitants leaving their houses and sleeping out-of-doors, so frightened were they by the continued heaving and trembling of the ground. In 1586 another eruption took place, and lasted for nearly a whole year. At one time the larger part of the city again became a heap of ruins, burying under them many of the unfortunate inhabitants; the earth shook with such violence that the tops of the high ridges were torn off, and deep chasms formed in various parts of the level ground. The year 1686 brought with it another dreadful epidemic, which in three months swept away a tenth part of the inhabitants. From the capital the pestilence spread to the neighboring villages, and thence to the more remote ones, causing dreadful havoc, particularly among the most robust of the inhabitants. Earthquake disturbances continued periodically up to 1773, when a most stupendous shock brought the city to complete ruin. The government interfered, and commanded the people to remove from the scene of these awful visitations, and establish themselves elsewhere.

To-day the old city of La Antigua Guatemala, as it is called, presents a curious scene. Many of the houses have been repaired, the city is to a certain extent repeopled, and ruin and recovery exist side by side in strange juxtaposition. On every side are ruins of churches, convents, and private residences, large and costly, some lying in masses, some with fronts still standing, richly ornamented with stucco, cracked and roofless, without doors or windows, and trees growing above the walls. The great ruin which attracts visitors is that of the cathedral. The gigantic walls are standing, but roofless; the interior is occupied as a burying-ground, and the graves are shaded by a forest of dahlias and trees seventy or eighty feet high, rising above the walls.

The present inhabitants of La Antigua, like the dwellers over buried Herculaneum, seem to entertain no fears of renewed disaster. The two great mountains which in past time wrought such terrible havoc still frown upon the city, but a feeling of confidence, nurtured by their long quiet, has grown up. It is probable, indeed, that no further calamity will come from Volcan del Agua. The theory is that the awful emission of water which destroyed the first city was not the result of volcanic action. Mr. Stephens, in his popular volume on Central American travel, tells us: "There is no tradition of this mountain having ever emitted fire, and there is no calcined matter or other mark of volcanic eruption anywhere in its vicinity. The historical account is, that in 1541 an immense torrent, not of fire, but of water and stones, was vomited from the crater, by which the old city was destroyed. Father Remesal relates that on this occasion the crown of the mountain fell down. The height of this detached part was one league, and from the remaining summit to the plain was a distance of three leagues, which he affirms he measured in 1615."

The ascension of both these peaks, though it has frequently been made by travellers, is a difficult and perilous task. Their tremendous height, the rarefaction of the air, hard climbing, lack of water, and many other hardships make up a sum of tribulation that it requires much courage to face. The ascension of the Volcan del Fuego is especially perilous, for the summit of the mountain is in perpetual trembling, while streams of ashes and lava are continually coursing down its steep walls. The crater itself is inaccessible. An overhanging ledge prevents approach, and large fissures, emitting strong sulphurous gases, add to an already insurmountable barrier. The Indians hold faithfully to the belief that the god of war and strife has his seat upon the summit of the mountain, and visits with destruction and dire punishment the mortal who attempts to approach his throne. Our artist, however, was not appalled by the terrors of the fire-mountain, and accomplished its ascent after three days of laborious climbing. To him we are indebted for the following notes descriptive of his admirable sketches:

"The drawing in the centre represents the valley of Antigua, or Pasuga, as it is sometimes called. On the right stands Agua, and on the left Fuego. The sketch opposite shows part of the deep gorge of lava called 'el Barranco Hondo,' or Deep Ravine. On each side towers a black wall five hundred to seven hundred feet high. The outlet is closed by a perpendicular wall which hardly offers a foot-hold by which to reach the ledge that guards the summit.

"The uppermost sketch is taken from on board one of the Pacific Mail steam-ships, showing the two cones towering up to the clouds. It is hardly possible to convey an idea of the altitude by means of a drawing. The human eye is so little used and trained to receive on its retina objects of such overwhelming size that at first its impressions are imperfectly or distortedly carried into consciousness. The altitude of these peaks, with their sides sloping toward the Pacific, give the country a character not exactly corresponding to its geographical situation. The coast-line is the torrid zone; then rising up to two or three thousand feet is the tropical; up to eight or twelve thousand, the temperate; and further, the icy, or 'terra fria.' Snow falls and lies all the year upon the northern slope of these two volcanoes. Indians with enviable endurance carry it down from the top of the mountains. Dark-eyed señoras sit under orange-trees to take the 'gelado,' or, as we call it, ice-cream, above them the canopy of a Southern sky bright with stars and constellations that we Northern people never see rise or set.

"The drawing of the Lake and Volcano of Atitlan illustrates fully the well-known fact that volcanoes alternate in a line with lakes, or are in close proximity to the coast. The scenery along the Laguna is wonderful. In the background we get a glimpse of the chain of volcanoes further north toward Quezaltenango and the rising peaks of the Soconusco. The central and southern part of Central America is amply provided with these plutonic chimneys—San Salvador with its famous lake of Ilopango, Nicaragua and Costa Rica with several others."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Diphtheria is now prevailing in this city and in Brooklyn to such an extent as to cause the most serious alarm. It is not in tenement-houses alone, nor in localities apparently uncleanly, that cases occur, but also in some of the best sections of the city. The total number of cases reported in New York from September 1 to November 20 was 1015, and of these 431 were fatal. Such mortality must necessarily be alarming to parents, as children between one and ten years of age are those most generally attacked, and the greatest number of deaths from this disease occur between the ages of one and four. The Board of Health is endeavoring to enforce necessary sanitary measures for preventing the spread of this epidemic, for such it really may be called. Circulars have been issued describing diphtheria, and the precautions to be taken in connection with it. Cleanliness in and about the house and pure air are of the utmost importance. Those sick with the disease should be rigidly isolated in airy, sunny rooms. The greatest care should be taken that the diphtheritic poison from the mouth and nose should be instantly disinfected by solutions of carbolic acid, sulphate of zinc, or some similar disinfectant. Infected articles of clothing should be treated with a disinfecting fluid, or thoroughly boiled. Well children should be scrupulously kept from the sick, and not allowed to use any articles which come from the sick-room. As diphtheria is easily propagated by kissing, parents should guard their children against the danger to which they are thus often exposed. No child who has had this disease should be allowed to go to school until the attending physician says that he has entirely recovered. Physicians seem not to know how to prevent or to cure diphtheria, so mysterious are the attacks, and parents must guard their little ones as far as possible from all chances of exposure.

The American Institute Fair, which was open about two months and a half, was visited by more than 500,000 persons. On the last evening the building was filled with a surging mass of human beings, numbering over 7000. The entries numbered over 1200, and 1185 diplomas and medals were awarded.

Common-sense is what is needed to prevent a good many accidents. If a giant-powder cartridge is put into an oven to warm, why should it not explode? And if there is a leak in gas-pipes so large as to make the gas strongly perceptible, does not a plumber know enough not to go searching for it with an open light? Yet just these things have been done lately, the necessary results following.

Now a way is suggested to help the shipwrecked; for there is no doubt that as in seasons past, so in months to come, vessels will be wrecked, and half-drowned people rescued from the waters by the brave surfmen of the life-saving stations. But the station buildings contain no adequate supply of food, stimulants, and clothing for the use of those who are rescued, but generally exhausted and ill from their struggles with the waves. The Women's National Relief Association proposes that needed stores be kept at each station, and calls upon the charitably disposed to aid in furnishing what is necessary. Donations of beef tea, flannels, bedding, clothing, or anything else which would be useful, can be sent to the armory of the Twenty-second Regiment.

Railroad accidents would doubtless be far less frequent if all companies would follow the example of the directors of the Old Colony Railroad. Recently they have adopted a resolution that they will not retain or engage any subordinate who is addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors.

Everything is ready for skaters in Central and Prospect parks, and if meteorological signs are reliable, there will be abundant chance for skating during the winter. Moreover, the roller skating rinks furnish an excellent substitute for genuine lake skating when ice in the parks is not quite strong enough.

The London *Atheneum* pays this handsome compliment to American writers: "Either the bad novels stay at home, or else the average is better than ours."

The opening of the St. Gothard Tunnel will render useless the hospice on the top of the mountain, which was founded in the fourteenth century. The ride through the tunnel will cost only about twenty cents, so that not even beggars will be likely to cross on foot. The hospice will therefore be closed in about two years.

Pike's Peak has recently been showing signs of volcanic activity. On October 29 the Signal Service observer there heard a loud explosion, and the next day found ashes and lava near the summit. About a week afterward he witnessed another eruption from his station.

Vesuvius has other dangers besides streams of burning lava. A short time ago the lessee of the Vesuvius Railway was attacked not far from the Observatory by three bandits, bound, and violently robbed of money and other valuables.

A police court reveals many strange reverses. The other day an intelligent-looking young man appeared as a vagrant. He gave his occupation as a school-teacher, and further inquiry revealed that his father was principal of a college at Darmstadt, and that he himself could read Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and speak English, French, German, and Italian. He had failed to find employment, had sold clothing and books, and now, being destitute, had given himself up as a vagrant. He said he had written to his father for money to return home, but some time would pass before he could hear from him.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"IT'S NOT MADNESS, MUM, IT'S MEAT."

Lady (*to deaf butcher*). "Well, Mr. Smallbones, how do you find yourself to-day?"

Smallbones. "Well, I'm pretty well used up, mum. Every rib's gone, they've almost tore me to pieces for my shoulders, and I never had such a run on my legs."

Why she flattered Him.—Two coquettes met a gentleman in the street. "What!" said one, "you passed him without bowing. You certainly were in love with him yesterday." "Yes, for about an hour. I fancied that he resembled somebody with whom I was in love for a week last year."

Falling out.—"Mamma," said a little girl, "as people get old does their hair grow quarrelsome?" "Why no, my child. What ever put such a notion in your head?" "I thought it must be so, ma, because I heard that old people's hair is constantly falling out."

Doctor. "Oh, there you are, Smith! How's the wife?"

Farmer. "Wuss, I'm afeared, sir."

Doctor. "Indeed! Is she wandering?"

Farmer. "No, no; she's sensible. That's what I'm afeard of. I never knowed her so sensible. She's onnaturally sensible."

Why is the discovery of the north pole like an illicit whiskey manufactory?—Because it's a secret still.

Narrow Escape—The chimney flue.

A "Plucky" Fellow—A busy poulterer.

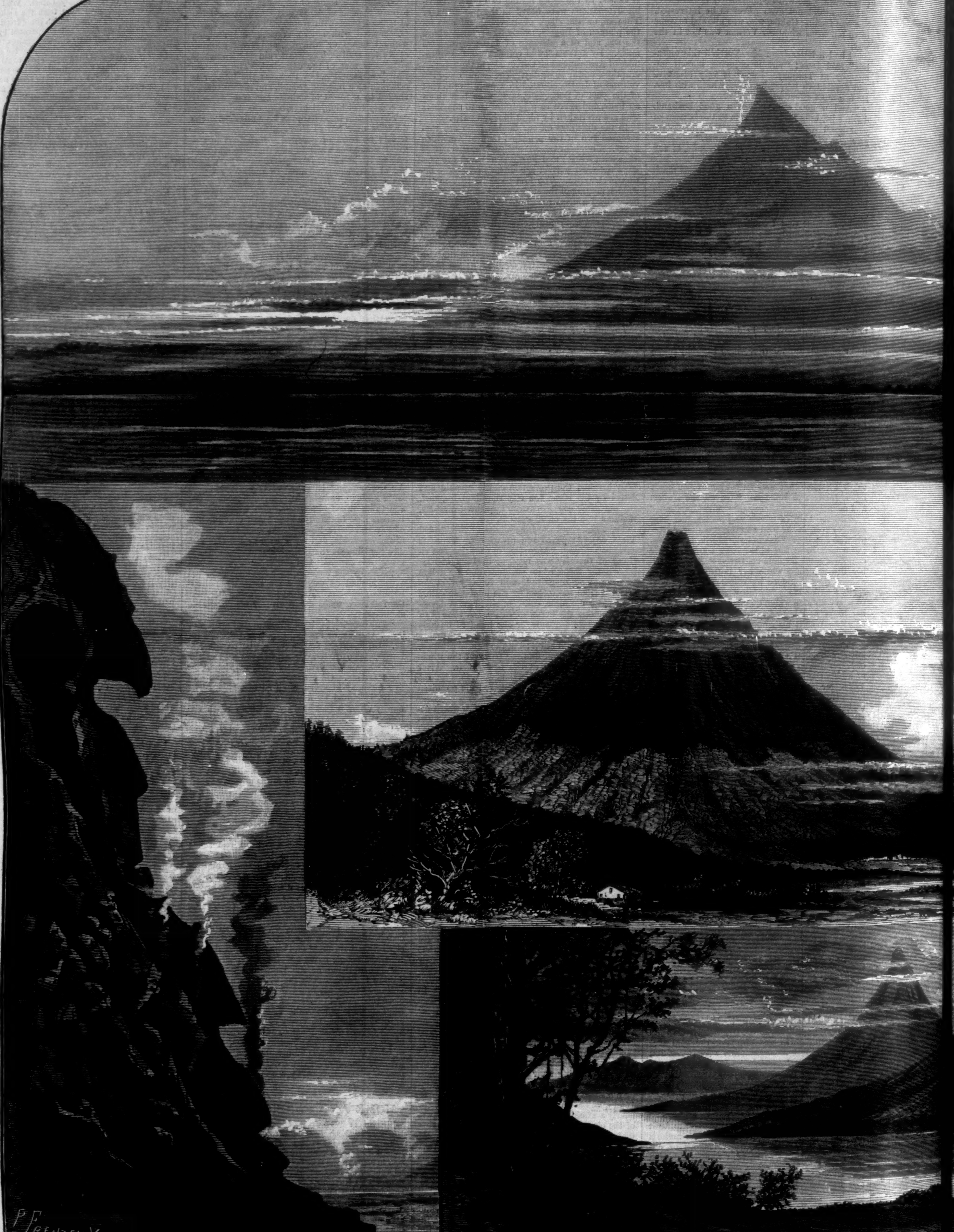
SHORT AND SHARP.

Decent Elder (*going round parishioners introducing new minister*). "Is the guidman in, Mrs. Cam'ell?"

Mrs. Campbell (*disturbed in baking operations, and on the north side of friendly*). "An' what'll ye be wantin' with the guidman?"

Decent Elder. "Ou, it's jist the new minister come to see ye a', and to pit up a bit petition for—"

Mrs. Campbell (*interrupting*). "Nae petition (partition) wull ye pit up here; the hoose is little eneuch already." [*Resumes baking operations.*



CRATER OF VOLCANO DEL FUEGO.

VOLCANO DEL AGUA.

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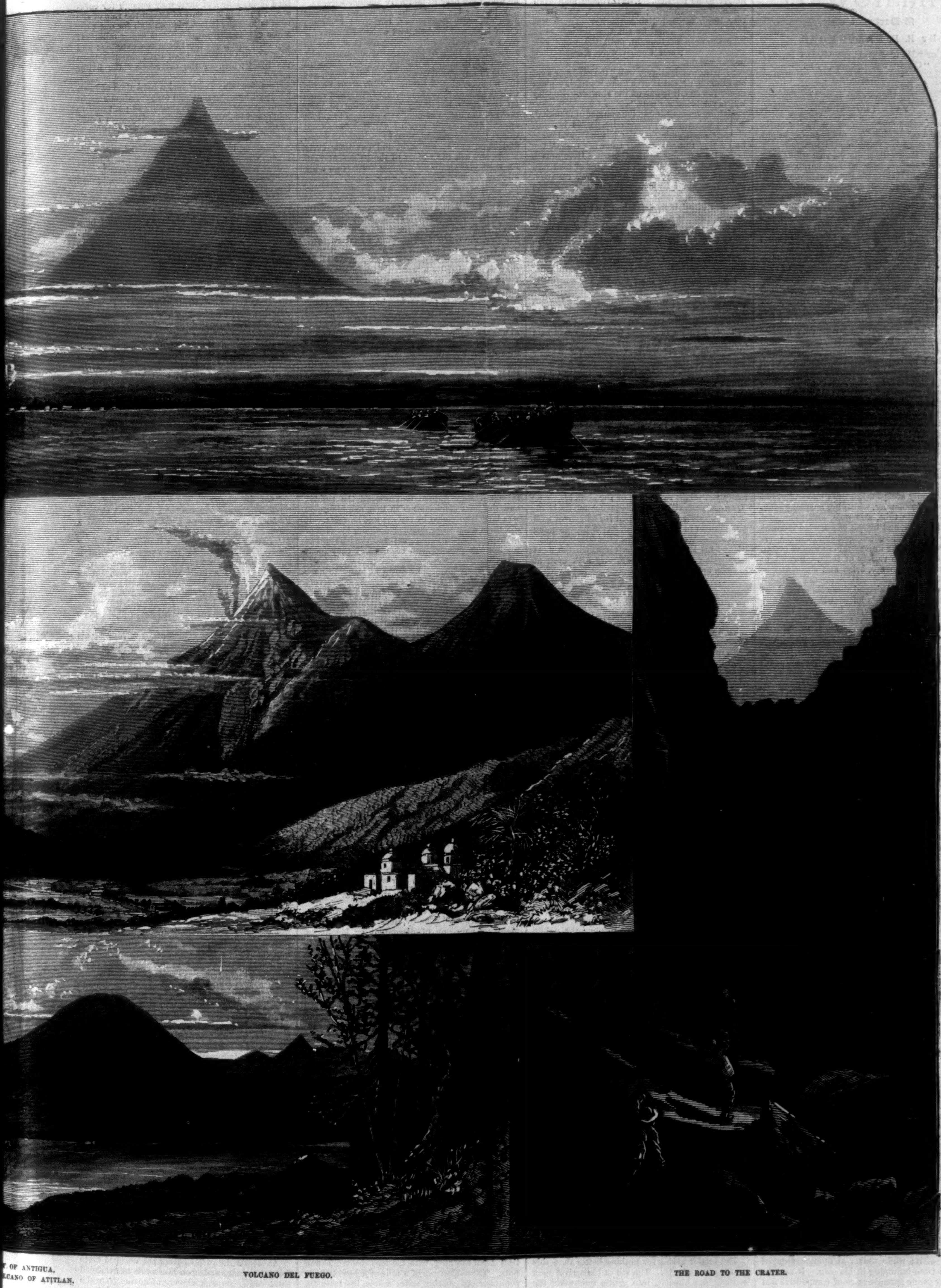
LAKE A LCANO

THE FIRE MOUNTAINS OF CENTRAL AM ICA.



V OF ANTIGUA.
AN LCANO OF ATITLAN.

VOLCANO DEL FUEGO.

THE ROAD TO THE CRATER.

AM ICA.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 811.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

FAIR FLOWERS.

IN the fresh young vigor of an April sun the world has a cheerful aspect, and is doubly bright, and vastly warmer, when beheld through good flint-glass. Especially while the east winds hold, which never now forget to hold the spring of England, heart and throat. But forty years ago there were some springs of gentle quality.

Upon a pleasant April morning, of the sweet inconstant kind, such as we vainly sigh for now, a gardening man, with a quick step, came into his happy greenhouse. A door from his favorite sitting-room led into this still more favored place; and the smile with which he entered showed that he expected to find pleasure here. It was a long, low, span-roof house, with no side lights, and very simple, not even framed with rafters. Yet snug from violence of wind, and bright with every sunbeam, this humble house was rich with joy for all who love good health and peace.

Here were the sweet obedience and the gay luxuriance of the vine; than which no lovelier creature grows. Broad leaves spreading into pointrels, waved and cut with crisp indenture, coving into or overlapping the ripple of each other; clear round shoots cresting up like swans, and sparkling with beads of their own breath; infant bunches, on the bend as yet, but promising to straighten as the berries got their weight; some bravely announcing grapes already, some hoping to do so before night-fall, through the misty web of bloom; others only just awaking into eyes of golden dust; yet all alike rejoicing, shining, meeting the beauty of the early sun, and arousing their own to answer it.

And here was a multitude of pretty things as well, that will not be chambered with the vine too long, yet gladly accept a kind lift upon the road from winter to summer, which her auspice yields. Boxes, and little tubs, and pots, and pans, and frames of willow, and biscuit cases, were cropped with growth in different stages, and of divers orders, through all the innumerable tones of green, and all the infinite variety of form. But all, to the keenest human eye, brisk and clean, and in their duty.

The man who had shaped these things and led them (under the Maker's loftier will) was coming to them now, with a cheerful heart, and faith in his own handiwork. The finest gardener that ever grew knows well that he can not command success, and has long survived young arrogance. Still, he continues to hope for the best; for the essence of the gentle craft is hope, rooted in labor, and trained by love. So this man took a short taste of the air, glanced at the glass and the glitter of the vines, and felt the climate of the house as keenly as if he were a plant therein. For the moment there was no fault to find. Genial warmth was in the air, and gentle dew on every leaf; in the slope of early sun through glass no harsh heat quivered, and no fierce light glared; but morning-tide spread all soft herbage with a silvery tissue.

"Now I like to see things look like this," said the man, as he very well might say; "but here are at least a score of bunches crying aloud for the thinning scissors. And where is Rose, who ought to be at them before the sun gets up too high? Rose of roses, where are you?"

To his cheerful shout no answer came; and being of a well-contented mind, he went on to his own business. His happy nature found its province in promoting happiness, whether of beast, or bird, or life whose growth is its only movement. To all of these he felt that loving-kindness which is nature's gift; not the brightest of her graces, but the largest and the best. Without that one redeeming gift, of which grand intellects often fail, this man being sorely tried in life, would have passed into the bitter vein, so miserable to itself and all. His face had the lines of resolute will and of strenuous energy; and his bodily force was but little abated by threescore years of exercise. For his back was as straight as a soldier's on drill; his legs were stout and steadfast; and although he fed well, and without anxiety, none but envious whipper-snappers would have dared to call him fat.

For the other part, his mind was not disagreeably large or noble, but just in front, by the proper peg, of the general mind it met with. The general mind, that is to say, of educated people, at any rate in that part of the world, which is as wise as any other. "Captain Larks" (as this good stranger had been called by the native voice when first he came to Christowell) was a simple, unpretentious man, who gave himself no title. His only desire seemed to be for plain life and retirement.

These he surely might here obtain, to the utmost of all heart's desire; so far away was Christowell from busy mart, or town, or street, or even road of carriage power. No better place could have been discovered by a man sincerely desirous of dealing as little as possible with mankind. For here were people enough to make a single head no rarity; yet not enough to force any sort of head into grievous eminence. All the inhabitants, without exertion, were important enough to feel satisfied; or at any rate to feel the duty of it; while universal opinion stopped any man from indulging in his own. It may be denied by young spread-eagles of competitive and unruly mind that this is the highest form of human life. But such a one should soar aloft, and perch upon some higher one.

To Christowell ambition was no more than a longer name for itch. Every village man grew wiser by due seniority; and no mind, while its father lived, succeeded to authority. Youth was kept in its place, and taught that the ear must take the seed of thought, until the white hair shows it ripe; and women were allowed their proper weight.

"Christowell is all very well," the gardener went on thinking; "but if ever there was a slow place under the sun, it is one of the slowest. Pugsley will never bring my pots."

Making up his mind to the manner of mankind, with a cultivator's patience he passed beneath clusters encroaching on the headway, and went into a tiny transept parted from the rest of the house by a narrow door of glass. Here was a separate shrine for flowers intolerant of heat, and demanding air beyond the young vine's capacity. Choice geraniums lived here, and roses, heaths and epacrids, and double violets, lilies-of-the-valley, sweetest of all bloom, Daphne and the graceful deutzia, pansies also freaked with velvet braid, the double black polyanthus, and the white chalice of azalea. But best and dearest of all to him, and set in a separate nook, as in a glazed bureau with lifting glass, that exquisite flower of exclusive worship, that gorgeous instance of nature and art combined to do their utmost, the magically beautiful auricula.

No gardener is worth his manure, who has not a fine conceit of his own skill. "I should like to have some of those Lancashire fellows or a few of those Kentish braggarts here," this man said aloud, being apt to encourage his thoughts, when alone, with the company of words; "if I know anything of the matter, this green-edged seedling, beautifully named 'Dartmoor Oasis,' by my Rose; and this grand self, one could gaze at all the day; and above all this white-edge, this glorious white-edge, worthily entitled 'Cream of Devon'—have they anything fit to hold a candle to them? Consider the paste, take the measure of the thrum, dwell upon the band—can you spy a single slur? Above all, if you have a particle of judgment, observe the equality of the pips, the perfection of fullness and true circle of the truss, and the grand, columnar, mealy, magnificent, stanchly upright, and splendidly proportioned—really you might say, pillar of the stalk!"

Overpowered, alike by his eloquence and the beauty that produced it, he stopped for a moment with some gravel in his hand, with which he was going to top-dress his pots, when the little door was opened, and his Rose came in; after which the most rapturous gardener might scarcely look even at his own auriculas.

CHAPTER II.

POTTER'S VESSELS.

To a mind with limited powers of inquiry, such as most of us are blessed with, a great truth stands forth in robust relief, without being bound to show what it stands on, or where it came from, or anything else. In this frank spirit must be accepted the incontestable fact that "Latham," (an ancient and very good surname) takes upon the ordinary tongue of Devon the brief but still excellent form of "Larks." It made no difference, from their lofty point of view, that the Captain's name was not "Latham" at all, any more than he called himself a Captain; but when he first appeared among the natives of this part—some fifteen years ago, perhaps—his rather scanty luggage was ticketed "L. Arthur," in flowing and free manuscript. The leading genius of Christowell—a premature intellect now removed from the stabs of contumely to higher claims—pronounced at a glance that the word spelled "Latham," while some almost equally capable of reading confessed, and some denied it.

The landlord of the "Three Horseshoes," who could not sign his name (though he drew three horseshoes at the bottom of a bill more correctly than many an artist could), at once backed up the decision of the wit, and settled the question by declaring that his guest had the very same walk all over the world as Corporal Larks to Teigncombe had. So before Mr. Arthur was one dinner-time older he came forth upon the public as "Captain Larks"; and finding that people only shook their heads and looked very knowing, if he said another word, he let them have their way, and let his ears and mind grow used to it.

Through an agent at Exeter, whose name was Tucker, a neat little cottage, and some twenty acres of land near the moor, had been bought for him cheaply. Then the cottage was furnished very simply; and here he hoped to spend in peace and solitude his remaining days.

As yet there was not a gray hair on his head, though his face bore marks of evil climate and uncourteous usage in deep-grained sunburn, and scar of steel permanent in three places. This, and a pair of shaggy eyebrows, gave him a formidable aspect, much against the meaning of his mind. But eyes of a soft bright blue, as clear as a child's, and a nose of genial turn, and a really pleasant and hearty smile, showed plenty of good-will toward mankind, whatever man might have done to him. Moreover, his large and well-knit frame, active step, and resolute bearing commanded the good word of womankind, the better half of the entirety.

Then Parson Short, becoming now Prime Minister of Christowell, said his say about Captain Larks, which was to the purpose, as usual. "Under a cloud—fine fellow, by his face; gentleman, according to his speech and manner. He wants to be quiet; it is none of our business. Let him alone, till he comes to us."

The settler asked for nothing better than this course of treatment. The stir of his arrival soon settled, like himself, into gentle quietude; the men of the village were kind and respectful—as men still are in Devonshire—and the women, though longing to know more about him, felt for him deeply as "the lonely gentleman," and hoped he would get over it, and have another wife.

Whatever his trouble, he sought no pity, nor even appeared despondent, but lived upon his bit of land, and worked, and whistled among his trees as sweetly as the blackbirds that came to answer. In spite of his maturity, or perhaps by reason of it, many a village girl, too young to dream of any courting—except in dim wonder at the number of the babies—resolved to be his wife as soon as time should qualify her, and came up the steep hill every fine evening to peep through the hedge at him, and perhaps to get an apple. He, having love of children, as of all things that are natural, would rest from his work, and come out at the stile, and pat their curly heads, and ask the history of the babies, and cut for them chips with his pruning-knife from a big stick of licorice in his waistcoat pocket.

Whether he had kith or kin, or any soft belongings, was a moot point at the church-yard gate, and by many smouldering peat fires, until, about four years after his coming, a lively and lovely little girl was delivered at his gate by Tim Pugsley, the carrier. Tim went round about it, as a fox goes to his hole, and avoided the village on his way from Moreton; but in spite of all that, they were spied by a woman with a bundle of furze at the top of the cleve; and when human nature with five shillings in its pocket compelled Master Pugsley to pull up and bait at the "Three Horseshoes," upon his homeward course, he had no call so much as to change his crown, so liberal was the desire to treat him, for the sake of the light that he could shed. The grateful carrier first drank his beer, then shook his head as vehemently as if it had been labelled "glass with care," and then enlightened the company with a piece of news beyond all price: "Every man should first tend his own business."

For nine or ten years, every summer, and weighing more upon each delivery, this consignment came to pass; and Pugsley (like his cart tilt, which was of some high new patent stuff) grew drier and drier every time he was wetted, till Christowell understood at last that if anybody was to blame for keeping the parish so unsettled, it was no less a person than the famous Bishop of Exeter. For Pugsley told them to go to the bishop if they wanted to know all the rights; and the next confirmation in that neighborhood was largely attended by fathers and mothers. It did them good to be confirmed again, because of their principles wearing out; and the landlord of the inn was pleased with the evening they spent after it.

Thus when Rose came down at last, "to have holiday forever" (as she told Mr. Pugsley every time he stopped to put a stone behind the wheel), there was scarcely any one in Christowell old enough to rejoice who failed of that most Christian duty. The Captain for once came out of his garden, and made a great bonfire of his weeds upon the beacon, and with his own hands rolled up a great barrel of cider unknown to the natives, whose ignorance culminated toward their heads. For he now grew apples of a lordly kind, which they (having faith in their grandsires only) disdained, till it turned the tables on them.

Almost everybody said that night, or else on the following morning, that for certain sure such a lively maid could never abide in a place like that. Or if she did, she must soon go doiled—so tarble weist and crule unkid as it was. For according to the way Captain Larks held his head up, in spite of demeaning himself now lately, his daughter must count upon having to behave like a lady, and not going to and fro and in and out with the other young folk, as the butcher's and grocer's girls might do. And who was there likely to ask her in marriage, or to take her to a dance, or a fairing, or a club, comely as she was, and so nice spoken? Why, Parson Tom Short was the only gentry-man, unless you went so far as Touchwood Park; and if ever there was a set bachelor in the world, Parson Short was one of them; let alone that his hair was all going from his poll, and his cook, Mrs. Aggett, would have no young doings.

Up to the present time, however, though nearly two years were gone by, Rose Arthur had complained to no one of discontent or loneliness. Her father and her work and books sufficed to her for company, and her lively nature filled itself with interest in all things. She knew everybody in the village now, and every flower in the garden; and her father's lonely life was blessed by her young enjoyment of the world.

Pugsley (who lived at Moreton, and traded twice a week from Exeter, when the weather and the roads encouraged him) now began to find his horse wink one eye at the turn toward Christowell. So many trifles went to and fro, and some boxes that made the axle creak, and some quite large enough to sit upon. Even before this he had taken mauns of plants and baskets of choice pears and grapes to Exeter, when the captain began to demean himself in the village esteem by traffic. But now the commerce increased and throve, as Rose threw her young life into it.

If Pugsley had been a small-minded man, he must have gone promptly to Tavistock fair and bought a new horse to attend to this traffic, for his ancient nag, whose name was Teddy, began to find the hills grow steeper as the weight of years increased. But the carrier was of gentle tone and largely generous sentiments, and hours of reflection made him wipe his head with loftier feeling. Therefore he would not deny his good neighbors the pleasure of benevolence, but allowed them to lend him a horse as often as they wished, and sometimes oftener.

Now Teddy was crawling up the hill, that beautiful April morning, with the long-desired load of pots. Three-quarters of a mile of jagged lane, or sometimes of roaring water-course, led from the village to "Larks's Cot," as irreverent people called it. At best, and even for a fresh young horse, it was a tough piece of collar-work; but Teddy, ancient though he was, would never have grumbled if the lane had been wide enough for corkscrew. But in this part of Devon the rule of the road is to make it just wide enough for one cart, and a cow to go past it without losing milk. If two carts meet, one must back to a gateway; and whether of the twain shall back depends upon the issue which of the drivers is "the better man."

Therefore this Teddy had a hard time of it—a long pull, a strong pull, and worst of all, a straight pull. And while he was pausing to pant and to think, and his master whistled softly, Jem Trickey the cobbler came merrily down a steep place, and stopped to look at them.

"Marnin' to 'e, Tim," shouted Trickey, for his breath was as "plim" as a foot-ball newly filled; "what have 'e got then, this time, carryer?"

"No consarn of thine, Cobbler Trickey," Pugsley made stout answer, being cross, and short-fetched in the wind; "cobblers is not excisemen yet."

"Potses and panses again, as sure as I be a zinner! Cappen Larks ought to be 'shamed of hiszelf. Lor' A'mighty never made His works to grow in crockery. And you'm a-gwain' outside your trade. Backard and forrard is your proper coorse. Let me conzeider of they potses."

"Ye be welcome to conzeider of them, cobbler. A niver zeed sich coorous cloam. Look 'e yeer, they little holes hurneth all round 'em! Cappen's own diskivry, I do hear tell."

The carrier loosened the cord of one crate, and allowed the intelligent Trickey to gaze, while he drew it toward the cart-tail. Trickey, though large enough of mind, was small of body, and he lifted himself by the lade, to see things justly.

"You be bound by my advice," he cried, retreating hastily; "you take the next turn down to brook, and heft they into the watter. They was made for the witches, and no mistakk about 'em."

"Zo I wull," Tim Pugsley answered, pretending to share his neighbor's fright, for he was a dry man, and full of book-learning. "Thank 'e kindly for thy counsel, Jem. Into the watter they gooth, zure enough. Only thou must pay for the vally of 'em, and the carryage too, Cobbler Trickey."

"Go thy way, with thy witchcraft," the other replied. "Do 'e know what I call thee, Carryer Pugsley? I call thee a poor time-sarver, and a carryer of no conzistency."

"I carry better stuff than thou dost," Pugsley shouted after him, as the shoemaker, with a springy step, set off down the hill, for fear of worse. "Do I zwindle the public with brown papper? Do I putt 'ooden pegs in, and zwear they be stitched? Do I clam on the heel-ball to hide my scamping? Do I—"

Master Pugsley cut short his list of libels, as he saw Master Trickey, at a decent distance, deliver a gesture of supreme contempt, by turning up his coat tail, and administering a slap to the quarter of his body which was latest in retreat.

"Do 'e do the like of that to I?" the carrier inquired, superfluously. "If it twadn't for business, and the blessed law— Howsomever, a bain't worth thinking on, Teddy; gee wugg! It be your vault mainly."

The old horse, wont as he was to bear the blame of troubles far outside of his own shafts, rallied with a shiver and a rattle of his chains, and threw himself forward upon the strain. For a very stiff tug arose just here, for a horse who had been to Exeter and back, with a tidy load, only yesterday, and whose knowledge of corn was too superficial, getting more of the husk than the kernel for its study. And the manner of a Devonshire lane is such that dogmatic humps stand up in places where nothing seems to warrant them. The meadows, to the right and left, may be as pleasant as you please to walk upon, with a sleek benevolence, a velvet pile, and a spring of supple freshness. And yet, within a lanyard, the lane is jumping scraggily, with ribs of solid rock, and pits and jerks of bold abruptness. The nag, being born to such conditions, plodded on without repining; but in spite of all spirit, and skill, and care, he suddenly fell into sad disgrace.

For just as the near wheel was creaking on the verge of a steep slide of granite, where his turn-about was due—for the lane there allowed him chance of a little bit of slanting—Teddy did a thing that any other horse might do, or even a man in his position. He mistook a large stone-fly, just arisen from the Christow, for a genuine œstrus, a bot-fly, whame, or tabanus. If he had thought of the present time of year, he must have known better; but instead of thinking, he acted on his nerves, which struck into him like a spur. Up went his head, as if he were four years old, instead of going on for forty; and his old bones shook with indignation at the pestilent state the world was come to. "Steady, you old fool! Who'm a-gwain for to kill 'e?" The carrier exclaimed, with a little friendly thump; but the mischief was done while he was speaking. For the jump of the horse gave a jerk to the shaft, and this ran amiss into the axle-tree, gave a lollop to the near wheel, already on the wamble; and down went the felly with a blue grind of iron into the very hole they meant to shun. The hole was more than deep enough to hold a good nine gallons; and the wheel ground down into its deepest depth, while the other took advantage of the position for a holiday, and proved itself the off wheel by going off toward heaven.

"Wull, now!" said the carrier, without much haste, for his mind travelled slowly up the obstacles of thought; "this be a tarble dickyment; and here coom'th arl the cloam! Drat that old cobbler chap! 'twor arl his doings."

An avalanche of pots from the unroped crate fell around him and upon him while he reasoned thus. Like a quick shower of acorns from the shaken oak, but, alas, much heavier and more valuable, they rattled on the carrier, and thumped his poor elbows, and a far more tender and impassioned part of man, till he fairly turned back, and let them roll upon his spine.

"Jem, Neighbor Jem, do 'e come back, that's a dear," he shouted, as loud as his drummed condition furnished, to the cobbler in the distance at the bottom of the hill. That good neighbor not only heard him, but replied right pleasantly, with a gladsome laugh, and a smart repetition of his gay defiance; then hastened on his course with a step more nimble than his customers generally could compass from his shoes.

"All men is clay," said the carrier, recovering his native equanimity, and wiping the red dust from his fustian suit; "all men is clay; and the Lord hath not intended us to putt His material into these here shapes, with a C. R. upon 'em, maning carrier's risk. Wull, a carn't brak' no more of 'un nor there be, now can 'e, Teddy? Smarl blame to thee, old chap. We'll both of us toorn to our brexass. This hosebird job hath coom, I rackon, 'long of doing of despite to the gifts of the Lord."

Beholding a very nice place to sit down, and content with the cart in its present firm fixture, he pulled out the nose-bag, and buckled it for Teddy so that he might cast one eye down at his lip-service. Then he drew forth his own provender, and seasoned it by dwelling on its beauties with his broad brown thumb. "Nation good! nation good!" he could not help exclaiming; "a good waife is the making of a man's front-piece. A vartuous woman laveth no occasion for a man to think twaice of his vitteling, or zeek to read the papper. Best use of papper is to putt up bakkon in 'un."

Sorrow, and breakage, and the other plagues of life began to use less and less of pressure on his heart, as he sat upon a lady-fern (not yet plumed for dancing, but rich with soft beauty for a heavy man to sit upon) and biting out the cork from a flat stone bottle, moistened down the roadway for the bread and meat to follow. Then he fell to very heartily, and in less than half an hour began to feel nicely refreshed, and fit to encounter the issue before him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER LII.

GATHERED THREADS.

It was on New-Year's Day that Matthew Helston recovered speech, and gladdened Sabey's heart with that first feeble utterance more than any bird in spring-time gladdens his fond mate with a full tide of song. He had recognized her long before, but had been content to lie with his wasted hand in hers and his eyes fixed upon the loving face that could never gaze enough upon him.

"Baby—Amy—Uncle Stephen—Frank"—she had now mentioned every name that was dear to him by turn, and she had assured him all were well. Then he murmured something which even her quick ear could not catch; but it sounded like "Butterfly—Nut." This gave her a pang of terror, since it surely showed that his mind was still astray. Since he repeated it, however, with fretful persistence, she sent for Amy.

"It must be something mechanical," was her verdict. "A nut is the head of a screw. Has it anything to do with Madge, Matthew?" she whispered, softly.

To see the light leap up in his weary eyes was like beholding a resurrection. There was no doubt of its having to do with Madge. So, with the doctor's permission, she was brought up stairs and placed by the bedside of the patient. When he saw how bright and clean she was, he looked up in his wife's face with a grateful smile that would have repaid a lifetime of oil and feather work.

"Of course I looked after Madge," she murmured, simply, "when her master was away."

Having contrived to express to the two women that if the nut on a certain screw were shaped like a butterfly, motion would be imparted to the machine, Matthew insisted upon Uncle Stephen being sent for to hear the news of that great discovery.

"I am so happy, dear uncle," he said.

"You deserve to be so, my good boy," answered the old man, with emotion, "if, at least, there is any truth in the theory of compensation."

Matthew shook his head.

"It is not the compensation-balance at all," he said; "the nut itself forms the fly."

"I see," said Uncle Stephen, though he didn't.

"It was the one thing (though sometimes the cellar was too full of flying Madges) that kept me up in my prison," murmured Matthew. "Whenever I thought of Sabey and the little one I sank graveward."

Then they understood how that, in the silence and solitude of his prison, he had thought out the problem of imparting motion to Madge, and thereby banished the despairing thoughts and longings which would otherwise have destroyed him.

"To be once more with you all is heaven itself," he whispered; "but next to that—" And again he murmured the name of his invention. "Oh, I am so happy, and so well content!"

Uncle Stephen's face bore the old grave and pitying smile that so well became it.

"You think so, my boy, but you will never be content till you have found out three things—the square of the circle, the key of the Pyramid of Cheops, and the value of the number 7."

"There is something in that," admitted Matthew, with an answering smile. Then he asked for Frank; and there was silence.

"He is not ill?" he continued, with anxiety. "You told me he was well. Where is Frank, Amy?"

Sabey answered for her, "He returns from Paris to-day, and will be here this evening."

It would have been no use for Amy to have said "No" when Matthew had asked for him. If he had asked for Mr. Signet or for Lady Pargiter, Sabey would have said, "They shall be here," and got them somehow.

When Mr. Barlow did come, Sabey had the first hug of him in the parlor—for had he not saved her husband's life?—and Amy the second.

"Can you ever forgive me, Frank?" she sobbed.

"It is I who need forgiveness," he said, simply.

"And I," put in Uncle Stephen, so meekly and so softly that Sabey did not hear him.

Amy cast such a look of earnest entreaty at him that his appeal was not repeated. He had satisfied his conscience by thus acknowledging his want of faith in Sabey's presence and before witnesses; and, since she had taken no notice of it, so much the better. He had neither the will nor the courage to make confession a second time. Sabey never knew that either Uncle Stephen or Mr. Barlow had ever lacked faith for a moment in Matthew's innocence; which, I am inclined to think, was fortunate. Once, in alluding to their past miseries, she admitted to Uncle Stephen that the recollection of them would remain with her forever. "There are some things," she said, "which one can never forget."

"Things are so different with me," returned the old gentleman, in his dry way. "*I* forget everything."

But notwithstanding his lightness of speech, he had never congratulated himself more sincerely upon his reticence in a certain matter than on that occasion.

Matthew, on the other hand, was told "all about it," and he at once allowed that, with the facts they had before them, no men could have come to any other conclusion than that which had been so unwillingly arrived at by Mr. Durham and Mr. Barlow.

"Yet Sabey and Amy both believed in you, Matt," said Uncle Stephen, remorsefully.

"That's because they are women and without logical minds," explained Matthew, cheerfully. "But we don't love them less upon that account, mind you."

If Matthew Helston had been slow to put lance in rest in defense of the fair sex he would have been ingrate and recreant indeed. It is probable that, since Mohammed's time, no two women had ever shown more faith in one man than Sabey and Amy had done in his case; for though they were unaware until afterward of that little episode which seemed to connect his absence with Phœbe Mayson, it is my opinion, if they had known it, it would not have made one pennyworth of difference in their view of matters. Facts may be stubborn things, but a woman's trust with love to back it is like iron with teak behind it.

It was not without some difficulty that Mr. Barlow got away from Paris to eat his New-Year's dinner in Cavendish Grove, since of course the police had need of him in connection with the murder of poor Phœbe. He had doubted in his own mind as to whether he should tell Major Lovell who it was that he had seen lying dead that Christmas morning in the foreign city which had not held for her one single friend, or whose hand had done the deed; nor was it certainly with any view of arousing his remorse or marring his butterfly pleasures that he did so; but, in his ignorance of the laws and customs of the country in which he found himself, he feared that there should be some miscarriage of justice in the matter, and therefore appealed to the major for advice. The manner in which that gentleman received his views astonished him not a little. He had anticipated a gentlemanly expression of regret at most; he had struck a match merely to light, as it were, an ornamental *bougie*, and found he had fired a powder magazine.

"Phœbe—murdered—and by that damnable scoundrel!"

His languid manners were thrown off with his velvet coat at once; and, what surprised Mr. Barlow more than all, he insisted on going to see the murdered woman.

He came back greatly agitated, and for the time (the effect lasted a week, perhaps) quite a different man. "It was I who killed her, Mr. Barlow," he exclaimed, with bitter self-reproach, "though that villain struck the blow." His passion against the criminal was terrible to witness. "If the law fails in its duty, as I am a living man I will not fail in mine." And, indeed, if Captain Langton had slipped through the fingers of Justice he would without doubt have found himself in those of another avenger. "If money is wanted, Mr. Barlow," added the major, simply, "there's two hundred pounds, which, thank Heaven, I won at the *cercle* last night."

However, as it happened, though he saved his head—*parce que le pauvre homme était jaloux*, it seemed—the captain went to the Galleys for life.

The diamonds were found in his possession; and, what was very curious, and showed the extreme audacity of the man, the very case itself; indeed, he had only taken three of the jewels out of their setting. The £500 reward for their recovery Mr. Signet paid without a murmur; but the similar sum offered by Lady Pargiter for Matthew's apprehension was, as Mr. Brail described it, rather a tooth-drawer for that lady. He had only discovered for her, you see, a prosecutor in an action for libel.

The jewels, however, were, of course, handed over to her, since Matthew acknowledged that he had received them from her and had given her a receipt, the reason of her non-production of which was peculiar. On the night of his disappearance, Lady Pargiter, on her return from the ball, had found a note awaiting her from a high official personage which had given her great dissatisfaction. It had been her desire to be invited to a certain entertainment given by royalty itself, and for which she had intrigued and labored with more than her usual pertinacity. And the official personage had replied finally, though in the politest terms, in the negative. No wonder Matthew congratulated himself that night (little knowing to what he was doomed) that it was the last time he would stand in her ladyship's presence and listen to her harsh and insulting tones. After his departure, and a few minutes passed in snarling at her maid, she had in a gust of passion—or perhaps for fear her humiliation should become known—snatched up the official note from the dressing-table and flung it into the fire. Only, instead of the note, she burned the receipt for the diamonds, which lay by its side! She discovered her mistake in an instant, and dispatched Patty Selwood to bid the footman run after the cab. If he had been five minutes earlier he would have seen it coming back—with a fac-simile of his canary-colored self running by its side—to deposit its occupant at No. 11. As it was, he only saw an empty street. The absence of the receipt, though it made her ladyship "fidgety," seemed of small consequence at the moment; but the next morning, when the disappearance of Matthew became known, it of course assumed immense importance. Thereupon ensued the course of duplicity upon Lady Pargiter's part with which we are acquainted, and which justly exposed her to such grave suspicions; and, on the other hand, her partial betrayal by Patty Selwood, whom cunning and hate combined had taught exactly how much to say.

Nor did Lady Pargiter's punishment end here. After Mr. Brail had got his money, he thought it his duty to acquaint her with the fact that her family diamonds had been pronounced by the French experts to be made of paste (and, indeed, it was for attempting to dispose of them as real ones that Captain Langton had got into trouble). Her incredulity, of course, was extreme, and was expressed with characteristic vehemence; but the fact was as the detective had stated.

When convinced of her misfortune her ladyship accused Mr. Signet of having substituted paste for her diamonds; but I am glad to say that that gentleman's innocence of any such fraud was fully established. The Pargiter *parure* had been composed of genuine stones at one time, when Mr. Ingot, her ladyship's father, had endeavored to dispose of them to the jeweller; and of course Mr. Signet had taken for granted that they were the same he had already valued and approved, though he had refused to give Mr. Ingot's price for them. That worthy money-lender had disposed of them, however, before his death, and caused the counterfeits to be made. He concluded that their genuineness would never be questioned; that they would remain an heirloom in his family forever; and if (as actually happened) some jeweller, as indeed he had recommended, should be made responsible for them, and they should be stolen while in his possession, what a good stroke of business it would be for his daughter and heiress to receive £25,000 of compensation for the loss of what was in reality worth about a hundred pounds! Unhappily, things turned out somewhat contrary to this astute gentleman's expectations.

> "Could aught have touched him there below,
> If aught of things that here befall
> Could move him where he was at all,"

I don't think the well-meaning old gentleman would have been pleased to hear what his daughter said of him when these circumstances came to light.

Let us have done with her, and rise from our tale with a sweeter taste in our mouth than that of harshness, pride, and greed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME NEW BOOKS.

The magnificent edition of the poetical works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., of Boston, is now complete. It is one of the handsomest specimens of book-making that America has ever produced, and a noble tribute to the poet whom all Americans unite in honoring. It would be difficult to conceive a more beautiful setting for the works of a poet. The illustrations are by our best artists, and are in every way worthy of the poems they represent, the landscapes being in nearly every instance faithful reproductions from nature of American and European scenery described in the text, and the figure drawings by F. O. C. Darley, Alfred Fredericks, and other well-known artists are powerful, of exquisite beauty, or delicate grace, according to the subject. The artistic supervision of this work has been intrusted to Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, who has himself engraved many of the most beautiful illustrations. Every engraving, from the full-page pictures to the ornamental decorations and headings, is finished with the utmost care and delicacy, and the different methods of modern engraving are all represented. The paper used for these two elegant volumes is of that delicate creamy tint that soothes the eye of the reader, and the type is clear and brilliant. The work is a grand and noble specimen of the artistic and typographic resources of America combined to do honor to a beloved American poet.

One of the most beautiful and attractive holiday books for this year is *Pastoral Days*, written and illustrated by W. H. Gibson, and published by Harper & Brothers. The letterpress and illustrations appeared originally in *Harper's Magazine*, and are now collected in a very handsome quarto volume. Mr. Gibson is a close and sympathetic observer of nature in all her moods, and is equally skillful and happy with pen and pencil in delineating her varied aspects and changing seasons. He has been fortunate, also, in having his drawings reproduced with the most exquisite and delicate skill of which the wood-engraver's art is capable. Printed in large, clear type, on heavy paper, and elegantly bound in ornamental covers, *Pastoral Days* is one of the most attractive books that could be selected for a holiday present.

James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, have published the first volume of *The Memorial History of Boston, including Suffolk County, Massachusetts: 1630–1880*. This very unique historical work is edited by Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University, who contributes some very interesting chapters on the sources of Boston's history, the earliest maps of Massachusetts Bay, and the literature of the colonial period. Other chapters are contributed by Charles Francis Adams, Jun., Robert C. Winthrop, Thomas W. Higginson, E. E. Hale, and other well-known writers, each discusing the subject with which he has particular association and acquaintance. This diversity of authorship adds brilliancy and interest to the work rarely found in local histories. This history will be complete in four volumes, the first, now published, embracing the early and a portion of the colonial periods. The first chapter after the introduction and "The King's Missive"—a very beautiful historical poem, by John G. Whittier—is by Professor Shaler, of Harvard University, and is devoted to the geology of Boston and the surrounding country. It is very interesting to learn how Boston peninsula came into solid form. Its original rocky hills, although not so old as the Green Mountains, were higher than the existing Alleghanies, but the decay of ages lowered them, and the ice sheet, two thousand feet thick, which once slid over Eastern Massachusetts, ground them to powder, and filled up the valleys with débris, and the three famous hills which still remain to Boston are mere heaps of glacial waste. The glacial period did a great deal of mischief, as it left behind deposits which materially injured the size and form of the harbor, but it made atonement by giving the land upon which Cambridge, Charlestown, and many of the beautiful surrounding towns are built.

A very interesting chapter on the flora of Boston is by Professor Asa Gray, who traces the vegetation of that region from the time when it resembled that of Greenland to its present luxurious condition.

When the earliest settlement of Boston Harbor was made, the region was very wild and unpromising. William Wood, a writer of 1634, even suggests the presence of lions, as some inhabitants who had been lost in the woods heard roarings, "which must either be Devills or Lyons, there being no other creatures which use to roare saving Beares, which have not such a terrible kinde of roaring." These animals were afterward discovered to be catamounts. Cod-fish and wild turkeys and swans were plenty, and little by little a foot-hold was gained on the unfriendly soil, the clay-slates of Quincy and the conglomerates of Cambridge—both wastes of the glacial period—were quarried for tombstones and for the foundations of buildings, and human life and history in Boston was fairly begun. How it progressed and strengthened, in spite of much internal discord, is fully set forth in this very interesting history, the readers of which will wait impatiently for the other volumes. The book is very rich in interesting illustrations, and contains many fac-similes of early maps, title-deeds, and autographs.

Tennyson's poem of "A Dream of Fair Women," elegantly bound and illustrated, is published as a holiday volume by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. The illustrations for this superb book, which were drawn and engraved under the supervision of A. V. S. Anthony, are by Alfred Fredericks, W. L. Sheppard, Mary Hallock Foote, T. Moran, C. S. Reinhart, W. H. Gibson, A. R. Waud, and other favorite artists. There are some exquisitely graceful head-pieces, beautiful landscapes, and drawings of flowers, figures, and buildings which are rare specimens of the skill of both artist and engraver, and the cover of the book is in excellent taste, and very unique. The volume is sure to be a favorite during the coming holiday season.

The Wooing of the Water-Witch, published by Henry Holt & Co., New York, is a very fantastic and delightful fairy story, introducing characters from Norse legendary lore. It is bound in a very attractive cover, and contains one hundred and twenty-five very humorous illustrations.

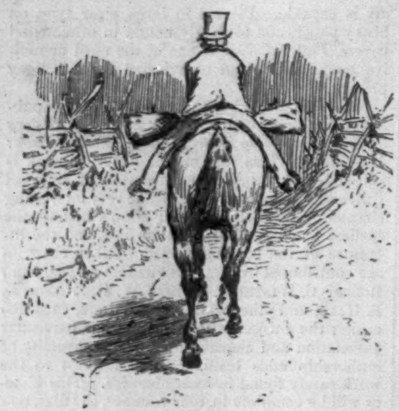
A new number of the "Leisure Hour Series," published by Henry Holt & Co., is *A Dreamer*, a novel by Catherine Wylde, which appears in handsomely ornamented covers, and is an intensely interesting and well-written story.

A very entertaining book for young people is Ernest Ingersoll's *Friends Worth Knowing*, published by Harper & Brothers, with fine illustrations. Mr. Ingersoll is a faithful and intelligent student of natural history, and his pages are redolent with the breath of field and wood.

Simultaneously with its appearance in England, a new volume of poems by Tennyson is published by J. R. Osgood & Co., under the title of *Ballads and Other Poems*. The volume comprises nearly one hundred pages of poems now first published.

From the press of Fords, Howard, & Co. we receive an attractive little volume entitled *The Lovers of Provence—Aucassin and Nicolette*. It is a MS. song-story of the twelfth century, translated from the modern French version of Alexander Bida by A. R. Macdonough, and illustrated by A. Bida, Mary Hallock Foote, W. H. Gibson, and F. Dielman.

All the little folks who have followed the Boy Travellers in their journey through Japan and China will be glad to know that Mr. Knox has written another volume, published by Harper & Brothers, describing their adventures in other Eastern countries. The book is profusely illustrated, and, like the first volume, combines a large amount of information about strange lands and peoples with an interesting story, full of incidents and humor.



DR. JEX.

DR. JEX'S PREDICAMENT.

By SHERWOOD BONNER.

It was the funniest thing that I ever saw in my life. Cruikshank would have gloried in it. I wish I had him here to illustrate that scene with the spirited vigor that only his dancing pencil gives.

It was in Kentucky that it happened—that pleasant land of blue-grass, and tobacco, and fine stock, and white-teethed girls. Mabel, my sister, had married Dick Hucklestone, and they had begun life in great contentment and a little three-roomed house scarcely big enough to hold the bridal presents. But they were happy, hearty, healthy. They had two cows, ice-cream every day, a charming baby, and Uncle Brimmer. Who shall say that their cup was not full? Indeed, they thought it full before Uncle Brimmer added himself thereto—a very ponderous rose leaf. He was one of our old family servants, who fondly believed that Miss Mabel and her young husband would never be able to get on without him. He walked all the way from Mississippi to Kentucky, with his things tied up in a meal sack, and presented himself before Mabel, announcing affably that he had come to "stay on."

"But I haven't any place for you, Uncle Brimmer," said Mabel, divided between hospitality and embarrassment.

"Lor', honey, you kin jes' tuck me aroun' *anywhar*. I don't take up no room."

Mabel looked thoughtfully upon the big brown gray-whiskered old negro, whose proportions were those of a Hercules, and shook her head. "You are not a Tom Thumb, Uncle Brimmer."

"No, ma'am," said he, submissively, "but I've got his *sperit*. Couldn't I sleep in de kitchen, honey?" he went on, with insinuating sweetness.

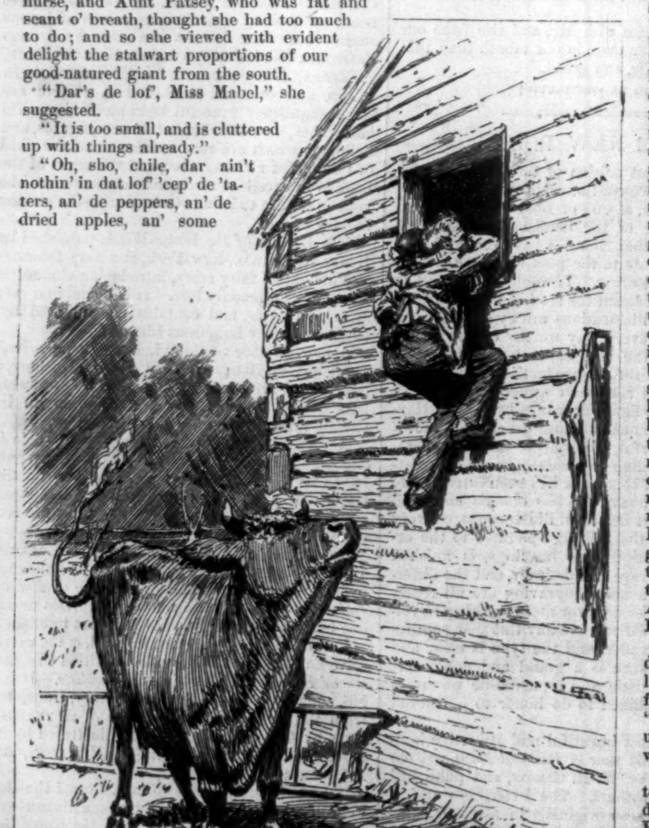
"No, indeed," cried our young housekeeper; "I put my foot down on anybody sleeping in the kitchen."

Aunt Patsey, the cook, stood by, balancing a pan of flour on her head, one fat hand on her hip. I suspected her of a personal interest in the matter, and indeed she afterward acknowledged that she thought Uncle Brimmer's coming would prove a "blessin' to her feet." Those feet of hers had been saved many steps through the service of her ten-year-old daughter Nancy Palmira Kate—called Nanky Pal for short. But of late Nanky's services had been called into requisition as a nurse, and Aunt Patsey, who was fat and scant o' breath, thought she had too much to do; and so she viewed with evident delight the stalwart proportions of our good-natured giant from the south.

"Dar's de lof', Miss Mabel," she suggested.

"It is too small, and is cluttered up with things already."

"Oh, sho, chile, dar ain't nothin' in dat lof' 'cep' de 'taters, an' de peppers, an' de dried apples, an' some strings o' terbacker, an' de broken plough, an' some odds an' ends o' de chillen's, an' Lucy Crittenden's pups. Lor', dar ain't nothin' ter speak of in de lof'."



"HOLD ME!" CRIED THE DOCTOR.

"He can't get in at the window," said Mabel, shifting her ground.

"Lemme try," said Uncle Brimmer.

The kitchen was a small log-cabin some distance from the house—"in good hollerin' reach," to quote Aunt Patsey. Above it was a low room, or loft, crowded with the miscellaneous articles enumerated. The only way of getting into it was from the outside. A ladder against the side of the cabin admitted one, through a little window, no larger, I am sure, than that of a railway coach, into this storehouse of treasures. Nanky Pal, who was as slim as a snake, was usually selected to fetch and carry through the small aperture. But Uncle Brimmer!

"I'm pretty sho I kin do it," he said, squinting up one eye, as he took off his coat and prepared to try.

We stood in the doorway as he cautiously went up the ladder; and after an exciting moment he pushed himself through the window, and turning, smiled triumphantly.

This settled the matter. A cot bed was procured for Uncle Brimmer, and he soon became the mainstay of the family. Cheerfully avoiding all the work possible; indifferently as an ostrich eating all he could find in cupboards or highways; grimly playing hobgoblin for baby; gayly twanging his banjo on moonlight nights—memory recalls thee with a smile, Uncle Brimmer! I can close my eyes now and recall him, big, shapeless, indistinct in the semi-darkness, as he sat under the mulberry-tree, singing,

"Wish I wass in Tennessee,
A-settin' in my cheer,
Jug o' whiskey by my side,
An' arms aroun' my dear!"

This was his favorite. Who shall doubt that it expressed to him all the poetry, romance, passion, of life?

After a time Uncle Brimmer fell ill, and we sent for a doctor.

Dr. Trattles Jex was the medical man of our county. He lived in Middleburn, seven miles away, and he came trotting over on a great bay horse, with a pair of saddle-bags hanging like Gilpin's bottles, one on either side. He looked as diminutive as a monkey perched on the tall horse's back, and indeed he was "a wee bit pawky body," as was said of Tommy Moore. But, bless me! he was as pompous and self-important as though he had found the place to stand on, and could move the world with his little lever. A red handkerchief carefully pinned across his chest showed that he had lungs and a mother. His boots were polished to the last degree. His pink and beardless face betrayed his youth; and his voice—ah! his voice! What a treasure it would have been could he have let it out to masqueraders! Whether it was just changing from that of youth to that of a man, or whether, like reading and writing, it "came by nature," I can't tell. One instant it was deep and bass, the next, squeaking and soprano. No even tenor about that voice!

He held out his hand, with, "GOOD-MORNING, *Mrs. Hucklestone. I hope* THE BABY HAS NOT HAD *an attack?*"

I popped into the dining-room to giggle, but little well-bred Mabel did not even smile.

"Oh no," she cried; "it is Uncle Brimmer."

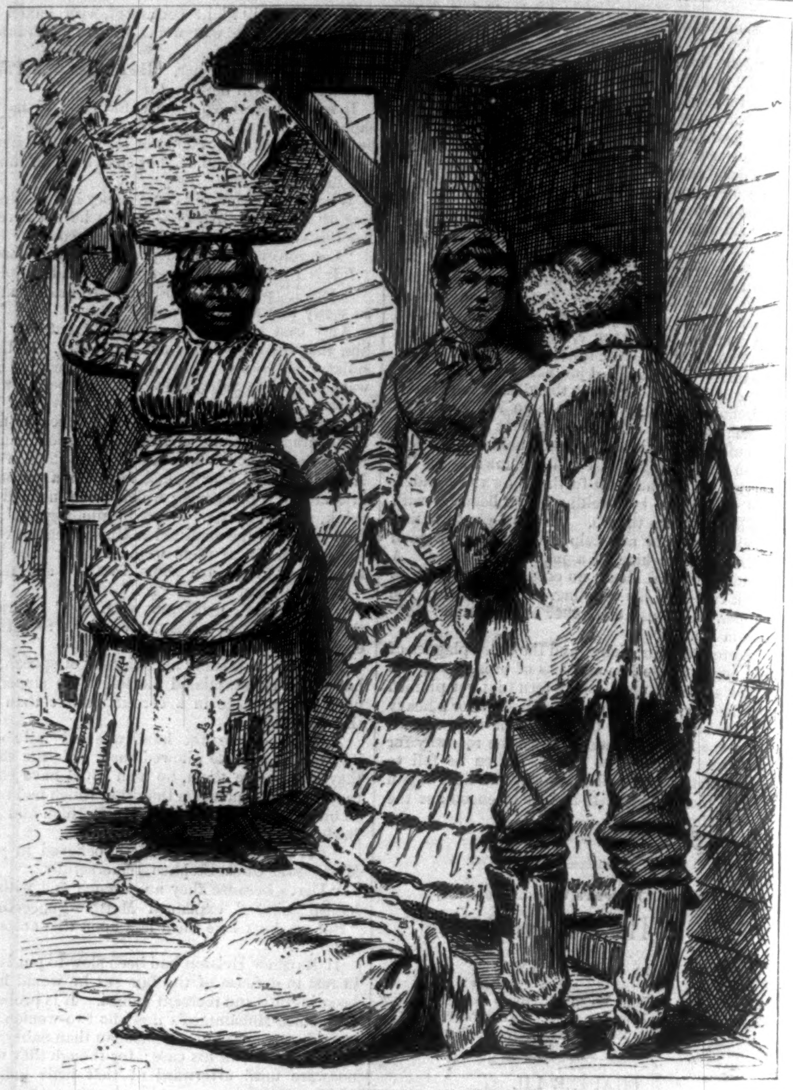
The doctor offered to see him at once. Mabel got up to lead the way. Up to this moment I warrant it had not struck her as anything out of the way that she must invite Dr. Jex to climb a ladder and crawl through a window to get at his patient. But as she looked at him, speckless, spotless, gloved, scented, curled, then at the ladder leaning against the wall in a disreputable, rickety sort of way, a sense of incongruity seemed borne in on her soul. To add to her distress and my hilarity, we saw that Uncle Brimmer had hung out of the window some mysterious underrigging that he wore. Long, red, and ragged, it "flaunted in the breeze" as picturesquely as the American flag on a Fourth of July.

"I am afraid, doctor, it will be a little awkward," faltered Mabel; "Uncle Brimmer is up there;" and she waved her lily hand.

"An' you'll have ter clime de ladder," put in Nanky Pal, with a disrespectful chuckle.

I thought the little doctor gasped; but he recovered himself gallantly, and said:

"AS A BOY I HAVE CLIMBED *trees, and* THINK I CAN ASCEND A *ladder as a man;*" and he smiled heroically.



"COULDN'T I SLEEP IN DE KITCHEN?"

We watched him. He was encumbered by the saddle-bags, but he managed very well, and had nearly reached the top, when suddenly Uncle Brimmer's head and shoulders protruded, giving him the look of a snail half out of its shell.

"Here's my pulse, doctor," he cried, blandly, extending his bared arm. "'Tain't no place for you up here. An' here's my tongue." Then out went his tongue for Dr. Jex's inspection.

The doctor settled himself on a rung of the ladder, quite willing to be met half way. Professional inquiries began, when

"A deep sound struck like a rising knell."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mabel; "what is that?"

Nanky Pal sprang up, with distended eyes, almost letting the baby fall.

Again,

"Nearer, clearer, deadlier than before."

"Sakes alive! Miss Mabel," cried Nanky, "ole Mr. Simmons's bull's done broke loose!"

She was right. A moment more, and in rushed the splendid angry beast, bellowing, pawing the ground, shaking his evil lowered head as if the devil were contradicting him.

Dr. Jex turned a scared face. My lord Bull caught sight of the fluttering red rags, and charged the side of the house. And I give you my word, the next instant the ladder was knocked from under the doctor's feet, and he was clinging frantically round the neck of Uncle Brimmer.

Fearful moment.

"Pull him in, Uncle Brimmer—pull him in," shrieked Mabel, dancing about.

"I can't, honey—I can't," gasped the choking giant; "I'm *stuck*."

"*Hold me* UP," cried the doctor. "SEND FOR *help*."

Uncle Brimmer seized him by the arm-pits. The saddle-bags went clattering down, and about the head of Master Bull a cloud of quinine, calomel, Dover's and divers other powders and pills, broke in blinding confusion.

"Aunt Patsey, go for Mr. Hucklestone *at once*," called Mabel.

Aunt Patsey looked cautiously out from the kitchen door. "Yer don't ketch *me* in de yard wid ole Simmons's bull," she said, with charming independence.

"Then I shall send Nanky Pal."

"If Nanky Pal goes outen dat house I'll break every bone in her body."

Then Mabel began to beg: "Aunt Patsey, let her go, please. I'll give you a whole bagful of quilt pieces, and my ruby rep polonaise that you begged me for yesterday."

Aunt Patsey's head came out a little further. "An' what else?"

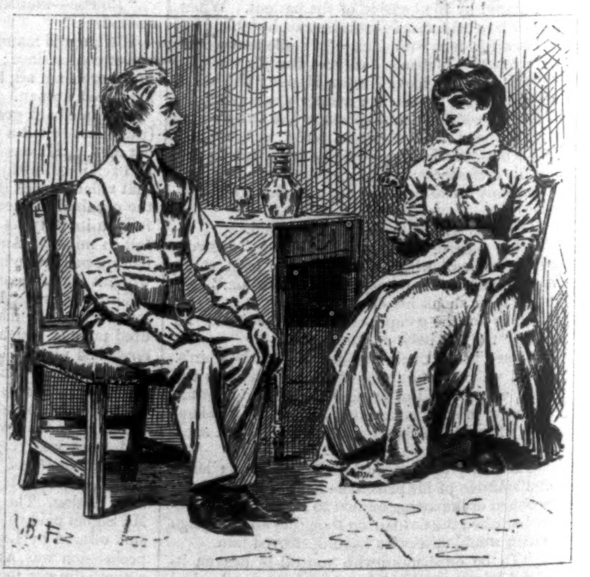
"And a ruffled pillow-sham," said Mabel, almost in tears, "and some white sugar, and I'll make you a hat—and that's *all*. *Now*."

"I reckon dat's about as much as de chile is wuth," said the philosophic mother. "Let her go."

"Fly! fly!" cried Mabel.

"I ain't skeered," said Nanky. "I ain't dat sort. Mammy ain't nuther. She was jes' waitin' ter see how much you'd give."

Nanky's bare legs scudded swiftly across the yard. The bull took no notice of her. He was still stamping and bellowing under that window. Uncle Brimmer and the doctor clung together, and only a convulsive kick now and then testified to the little man's agony.



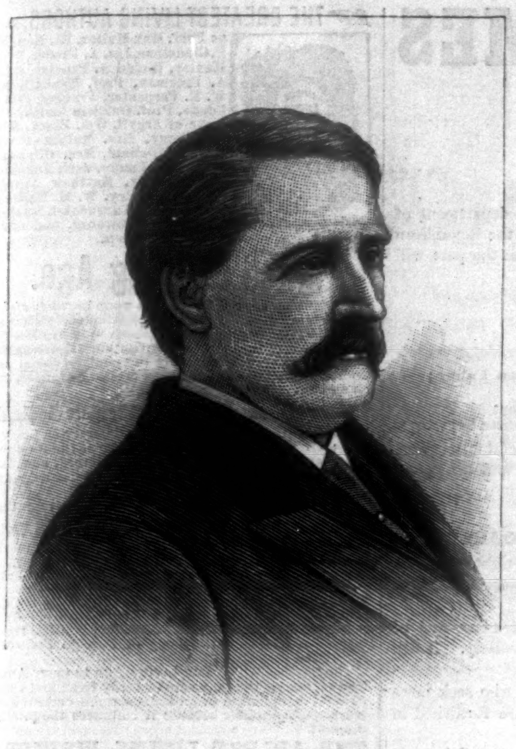
REPAIRING DAMAGES.

"Suppose Uncle Brimmer should let go?" I suggested, in a hollow whisper.

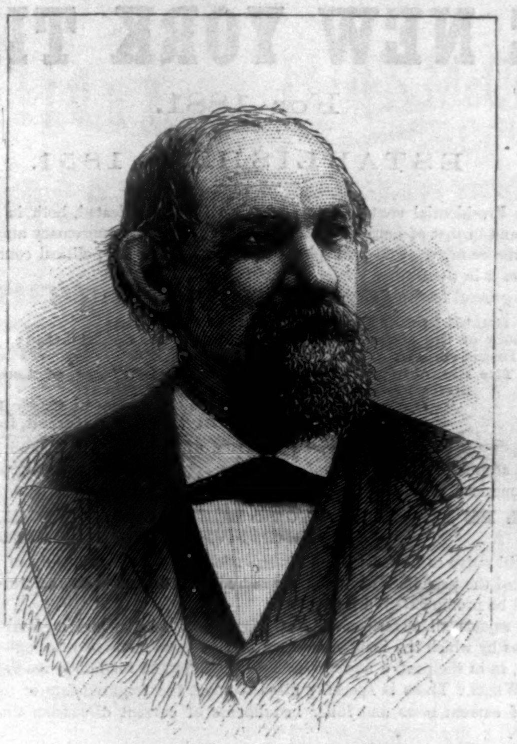
"Oh, hush!" cried Mabel. "The doctor's blood would be on our heads."

"Or the bull's horns."

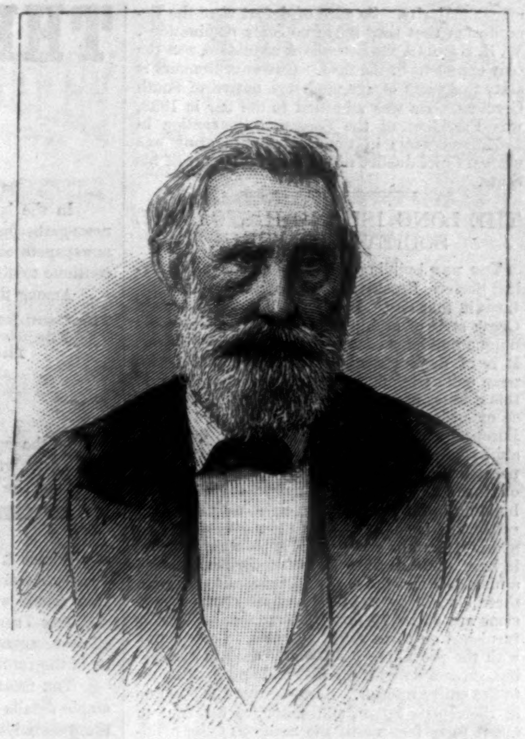
It was not far to the tobacco field, and in an incredibly short time brother John came riding in, followed by half a dozen stout negroes. With



THE HON. T. T. CRITTENDEN, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MISSOURI.—Photographed by Rice.



THE HON. T. J. JARVIS, GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.—Photographed by L. W. Andrews.



THE HON. O. M. ROBERTS, GOVERNOR OF TEXAS. Photographed by H. R. Marks.

some delightful play that gave one quite an idea of a Spanish bull-fight, his lordship was captured, and our little doctor was assisted to the house.

Gone was the glory of Dr. Trattles Jex. His coat was torn, his knees grimy, his hands scratched, and he looked—yes—as if he had been crying.

"Can you ever forgive us?" said Mabel, piteously. She hovered about him like a little mother. She made him drink two glasses of wine; she mended his coat; she asked him if he would not like to kiss the baby. And finally a wan smile shone in the countenance of Dr. Jex. For me, I felt my face purpling, and leaving him to Mabel, I fled with brother John to the smoke-house, where we—roared.

Uncle Brimmer got well, and went in to see the doctor. He returned with a new cravat, a cane, and several smart articles of attire, from which we inferred that in those trying moments when he supported the suspended doctor, that little gentleman had offered many inducements for him to hold fast. When questioned, he responded chiefly with a cavernous and mysterious smile, only saying,

"Master Dr. Jex is a gentleman; starch in or starch out, he's de gentleman straight."

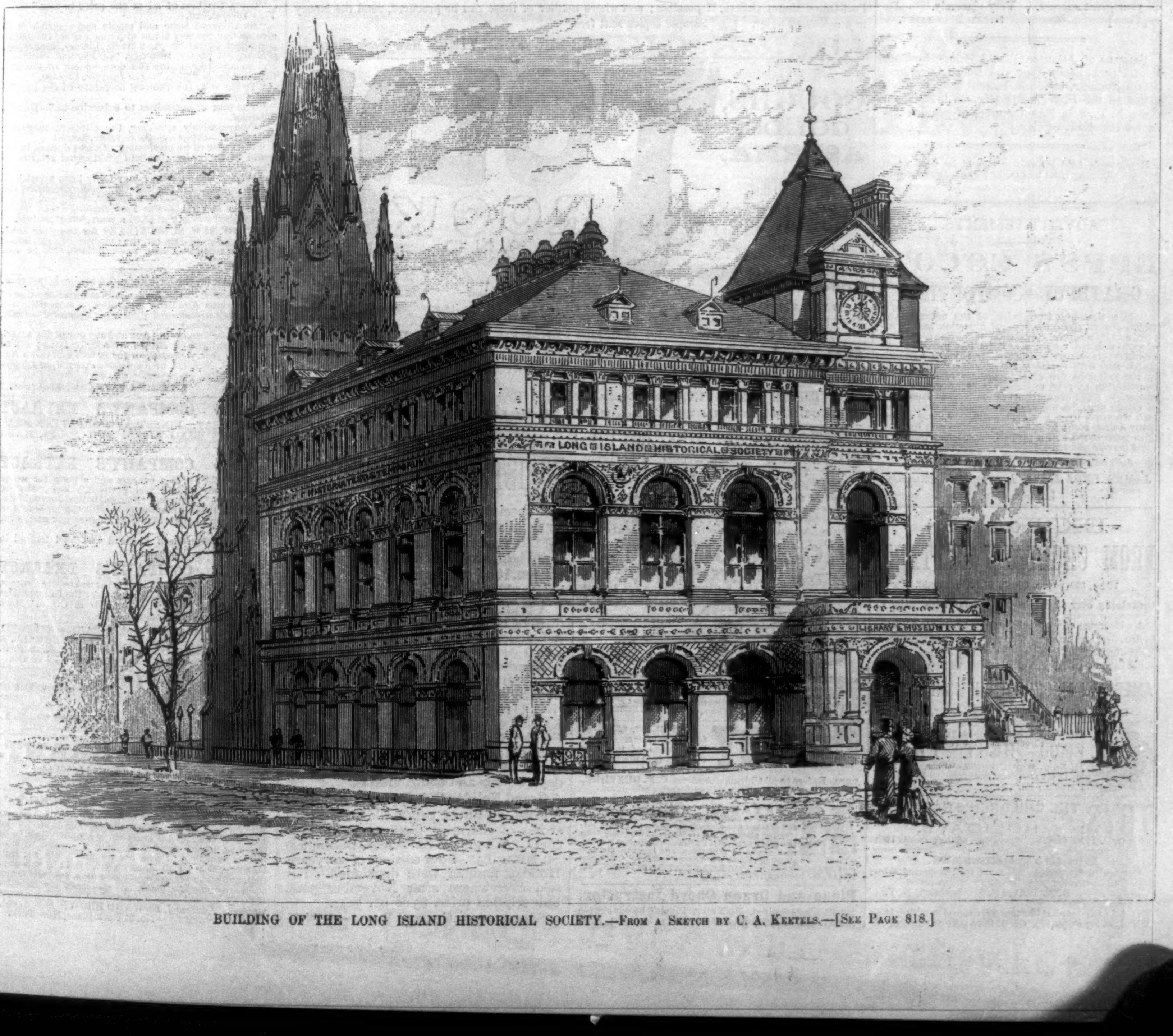
And brother John, who is somewhat acquainted with slang, said, with a great laugh, "Well, old man, you had a bully chance to judge, so you must be right."

NEW GOVERNORS.

The three Governors whose portraits are here given are Democrats. Mr. Crittenden, of Missouri, was elected by a plurality of about 54,000 votes. His leading opponent was D. P. Dyer, Republican, who received a large support from his party. The Greenback candidate was Luman A. Brown. The Governor-elect formerly lived in Frankfort, Kentucky, from which place he removed twenty-four years ago, as he said in a recent letter, "in search of a home and a name." After his election he went to Kentucky to visit old friends. On the way he stopped at St. Louis, where he was besieged by a great crowd of office-seekers, from whom he escaped finally with great difficulty.

When Governor Zebulon B. Vance, of North Carolina, was elected to the United States Senate in January, 1879, the Hon. Thomas J. Jarvis, who was then Lieutenant-Governor, succeeded to his place as Chief Executive. He has now been elected to the Gubernatorial chair by the people, with a majority of about 5000. The Republican candidate, Ralph P. Buxton, made a good run, and the Democratic majorities on all the tickets were largely reduced. Hancock's majority is only 8588, while Tilden's was 17,008.

The Governor of Texas is Oran M. Roberts, Democrat, who was re-elected by the usual im-



BUILDING OF THE LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—From a Sketch by C. A. Keetels.—[See Page 818.]

mense majority. So sure of defeat were the Republicans that they made no State nominations. W. H. HAMMAN, the Greenback candidate, was the only opponent in the field. Governor ROBERTS is sixty-five years of age, and is a native of South Carolina. He was admitted to the bar in 1838, was President of the Secession Convention in 1861, and while in the Confederate army was elected Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of his State.

THE LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING.

THE new building of the Long Island Historical Society, Brooklyn, is one of the finest structures in that city. It is a modification of the old Greek style of architecture, and one of the most unique buildings of the kind in the United States. It is of dark Philadelphia pressed brick, with terra cotta trimmings, and is the first building in this country in which the latter material has been so extensively used. In Paris and several other European cities terra cotta, on account of its pliability, in its earlier stages, for modelling, and its permanency, has been employed with fine effect on the exterior of many public edifices. The building is three stories in height, with attic and cellar, and is constructed in the most substantial manner, its walls and general appointments being in harmony with the purpose of the society, viz., a historical institution for all time. It stands on three lots, 75 by 100 feet, and its exact dimensions are 85 by 75 feet. Abundance of light is furnished on three sides, and this, in connection with the prevailing light woods used in furnishing, gives a delightfully cheerful and inviting air to the entire interior. Surmounting the building in Pierrepont Street, and rising to a height of about forty feet above the cornice of the pointed slate roof, is a square clock tower containing a dial eight feet in diameter, with a terra cotta border.

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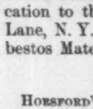

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For 1881.

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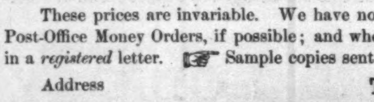

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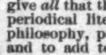

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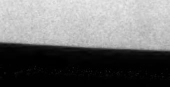

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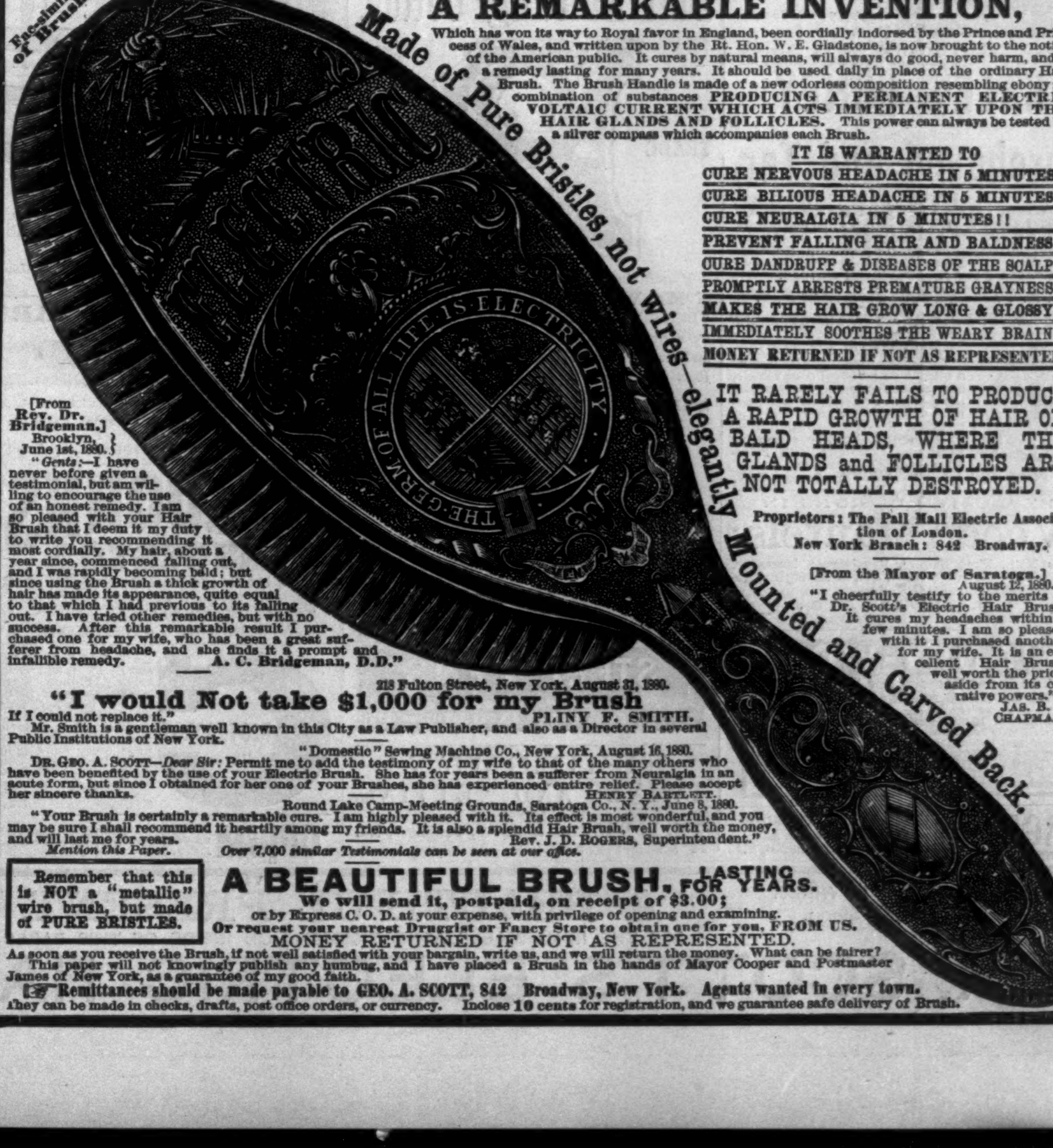
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